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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

"SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND." A quotation which applies to all walks of life, and, writing of hotels, how often really delectable finds can be discovered close to one's home or a bare mile or so from some much-travelled highway.

January is *not* usually a month for pleasure motoring, but, for all that, plenty of cars will be on the road conveying their owners on business bent, family occasions such as school holiday outings, or long week-ends at some nearby health resort, where the stress of present-day life can be forgotten for a while.

Where are you heading for during the next few months? Can I direct you to the friendly portals of a warm comfortable hotel where good food is a *sine qua non* irrespective of the time of the year?

All roads seem to lead to Banbury of nursery rhyme fame and it is indeed good fortune for the traveller that of recent years Whately Hall Hotel there has had such interested and enterprising resident owners as Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Beck.

Mr. Beck is one of those rare men who, by practical thought and hard work, makes a success of everything to which he puts his hand.

In Cheshire, as a farmer, he built up a herd of pedigree cows. In Chester he launched a well-known restaurant and a men's outfitters, and, when for family reasons he was compelled to live nearer Oxford, nothing daunted he sold out his Cheshire interests, bought Whately Hall, and set about so improving it that it is now a worthy four-star hotel by A.A. and R.A.C. standards.

This is the only hotel I know where, in the new wing, every bed has been so designed that it is thermostatically electrically heated—a comforting thought on a winter's night.

I have always advocated the importance of having a warm bedroom and a well-aired bed at the disposal of chance wayfarers, so I am glad to publicise the fact that The Tufton Arms, at Appleby, have electric blankets installed in all beds and, with cheerful coal fires in bar and lounge whenever there is a nip in the air, motorists on the A.66 would do well to turn off the highway into the quiet market place of this our smallest county town. (Population 1,670.)

In the winter months, the south-east corner of Kent can experience some pretty icy blasts at times; healthy enough for those who are acclimatised but unpleasantly penetrating for those unaccustomed to such a bite in the wind. Such, however, is the invigorating property of the Thanet air that many boarding schools are to be found in Broadstairs and thereabouts, so the problem arises where to stay and be comfortable.

I have no personal knowledge of Broadstairs itself, though I know there is a Trust House there, The Royal Albion. As that, and other local hotels, can only house a percentage of the influx of parents at half-terms, Confirmations, and the like, some would like to know of hotels not too far distant.

Now, then, the following:

Birchington-on-Sea: Beresford Hotel.—Tel.: Thanet 41345. B.B. 27s. 6d. to 35s. Fifty-six bedrooms, all centrally-heated, and twelve private bathrooms. An hotel large enough for youngsters to let off steam without upsetting their elders.

The Bungalow Hotel.—Tel.: Thanet 41137. B.B. 21s. to 25s. Centrally-heated bedrooms. The tariff will well suit those who have to study cost of these parental expeditions.

Kingsgate: Fayreness Hotel.—Tel.: Thanet 610011. B.B. from 25s. Twenty-seven bedrooms (some with central heating), private bathrooms, five. More of a country-house atmosphere than that of an hotel, but fully licensed and only two miles from Broadstairs.

Minster-in-Thanet: Old Oak Cottage.—Tel.: Minster 229. Seven bedrooms only, but the whole house centrally-heated. Though bedroom accommodation is limited, make a note of this fourteenth-century cottage for meals. Both parents and their offspring are quick to recognise home-cooked food and home-baked bread. It has been said that Nature arranged the strong air of Thanet so that Mr. and Mrs. Brangan's patrons can do full justice to the delicious fare offered.

Westgate-on-Sea: Sea Grange Hotel.—Tel.: Thanet 31698. B.B. from 22s. 6d. Thirty bedrooms with gas or electric fires. A most admirable hotel that seems to be right in the path of the sun. Admirable for parents with or without children, as Mr. and Mrs. R. H. A. Garner have the happy knack of being able to cater for all from cradle to carpet slippers.

In other parts of the country, parents tend to congregate in a number of well-known hotels as near as possible to the school concerned. While this may save time and petrol, the offspring often appreciate a change of scenery, and the following are some suggestions which, though probably well known to the more adventurous parents, may be new to some.

Amesbury: The Avon Hotel.—Tel.: 2112. Now under the ownership of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Thomas, the Avon is within an hour's run of Winchester and Marlborough.

Melksham: Sandridge Park Hotel.—Tel.: 3388. Just over 20 miles from Marlborough, this country-house hotel is under the direction of Lady Holt-Wilson, now assisted by Mr. Joseph Segalini, latterly of the Roebuck Hotel, Wych Cross, in Sussex, who will be responsible for the restaurant.

Winchcombe: The George Inn.—Tel.: 31. This small Cotswold town is only seven miles from Cheltenham and the George provides food and comfort that all members of the family will appreciate.

Lower Swell, near Stow-on-the-Wold: Farmhouse Hotel.—Tel.: Stow-on-the-Wold 232. Although Mrs. J. R. Woolley has only six letting rooms, they are all well-appointed and the food is of a high standard. Livery stables are attached to the hotel. Cheltenham 18 miles.

If I can help you as regards other districts, please write to me enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

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CIRENCESTER, Gloucestershire. KING'S HEAD
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CONNEL FERRY. FALLS OF LORA HOTEL
All touring the Western Highlands should note this charmingly positioned hotel, fully-licensed and open all year round. Ideal base from which to visit the Inner and Outer Hebrides, via Oban (5 miles). Own farm produce. Tel.: Connel 202.

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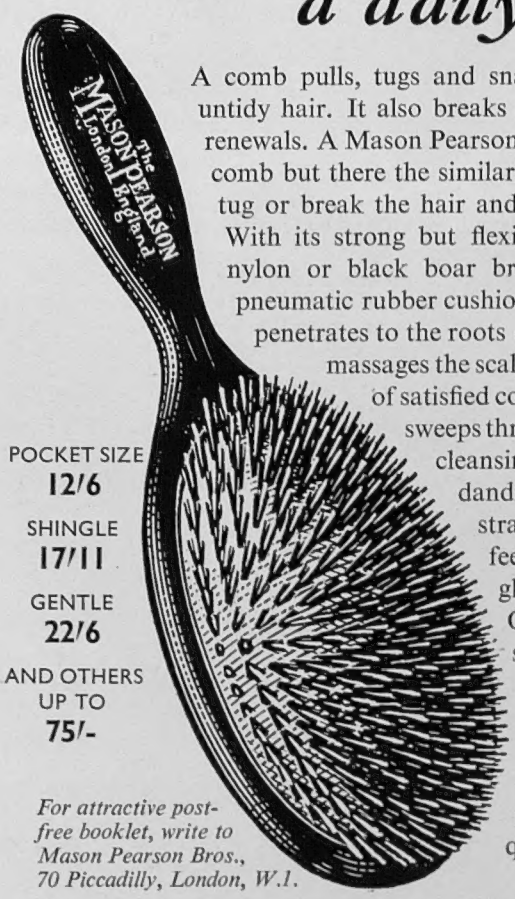

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The SPHERE, London, January 24, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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THE ICY HAND OF WINTER—FREEZING WEATHER IN SCOTLAND: Outsize icicles festoon the rocks in the Croy cutting, south-west of Castlecary, on the Edinburgh—Glasgow main railway-line. Over most of Scotland, before the thaw last week-end, temperatures rose barely above freezing-point all day. Roads remained frostbound, and some were impassable. Relief workers managed to contact villages in the remote districts cut off by the storms and snow blizzards since the beginning of the year.

Heavy rain last week-end in many parts of the British Isles, including over 2 ins. in twenty-four hours in Stornoway, accompanied a welcome thaw in the weather. Before that, practically since the beginning of the year, it was a story of roads made impassable by ice, blizzards and heavy falls of snow. The Midlands and Northern England suffered the most severe frost of the winter just before last week-end. The air temperature fell to 10 degs. at Shawbury, in Shropshire. Severe conditions were accompanied by widespread fog. In London this was so dense at one time that traffic was at a standstill. London airport for a period was closed down completely. The Merseyside had what local experts agreed was the worst fog since the war. As rain dissolved the snow and ice at the beginning of this week, the best news was that the icy weather had not been accompanied by an increase in influenza. Usually in years of bad epidemics January sees the disease at its peak. Figures up to the middle of the month showed that the number of deaths from influenza was decreasing. The number of claims for National Insurance sickness benefit was below average throughout Britain.

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CONVOCATION OF CANTERBURY: The Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Carpenter, addresses the full synod in the library at Lambeth Palace. During his address, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, referred to the Swedish decision to admit women to ordination. He had written a letter on "this serious matter" to the authority in the Church of Sweden.

AT THE OPENING SESSION: The Archbishop of Canterb smiles during his presidential address. On right are the Bishop of London, Dr. Montgom Campbell, and next to him the Prolocu of the Lower House, the Venerable G. F. Hild

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The First Man.—The Americans (not to be outdone by the Russians, for that would never do) have ordered the first space capsule, designed to launch the first man to put a girdle round the earth and return safely to his terrestrial base within twenty-four hours. The whole contrivance will cost no more than £80,000,000. The contract has gone to the McDonnell Aircraft Corporation, which will deliver the capsule and propulsion unit within two years. It is high time to start the training of an eliminated short list of candidates for the capsule. I have no doubt at all there will be a very large number of applicants. Notoriety is all, thousands of men and women dream of breaking and making records, and sheer reckless courage is not lacking in the human race. No need to choose a criminal, a potential suicide or an incurable with a few months to live. I am glad the capsule is designed for a man and not a dog or monkey, though I don't know if a man in his prone position will bring back more vital data than would dog or monkey. But, whether or no, he can be assured of rewards in plenty if he return safe and well. I can promise an American pioneer at least £200,000 from royalties and film and TV contracts. In England, a poorer country, a native pioneer would probably be rewarded with a high title (hereditary) and perhaps the Dukedom of Ayr would be appropriate. £80,000,000, of course, is a flea-bite in the essential face-saving battle between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., though it would feed a good many starving people for a long time. But no doubt it is more immediately important to keep the rival scientists' cold war a neck-and-neck affair. It is sad that we are not in the game. We must console ourselves with the reflection that perhaps we are a little less bad, mad and dangerous than our Great Power neighbours.

What Western Democracy Must Realise.—A recent powerful article in *The Times* underlined a point which struck me as sound. Boiled down, it is no less than that for years to come, the purest motives, the clearest proofs of altruism, in the policies of the former "colonial" Western powers, must be misunderstood by the Asiatic nationals and by the uncommitted smaller states of the continents by reason of their vulnerability to any suggestion that they are still regarded as "lesser" races. They want full equality before all, and look back on "colonialism" as on a century of injustice. In that mood, any faint hint of the continued existence of a colour bar, "*Apartheid*, Notting Hill and Little Rock," are weighed to Western disadvantage against the Communist creed which proclaims the "brotherhood of man." It is true that in Western eyes that "brotherhood" looks queer enough in Iron Curtain countries, but propaganda by massed brass-bands can do a lot among the illiterate and the half-starved, and it is, moreover, a materialistic age. These nations want more than "social equality." They want all the money and help they can get. And when such offers come from the West, they are accepted with suspicion, grudgingly, and as a mere pittance gesture of repayment for a century of "injustice"; when they come from the East, these offers seem wise, noble, altruistic in the spirit of the brotherhood of man. The fact that *both* offers will be accepted, at present can afford the West no hope that it is becoming better understood. That hope can only be realised when neutralist nations have had time to forget their "colonial" past and imagined wrongs, and can coolly compare the Communist brotherhood of man (and all that it may bring) with the policies of the West, past, present and to come. Then perhaps dictatorship as practised in the East will compare less favourably with liberal democracy and the rights of the individual.

The Man with a Plan.—I don't know why the face of Mr. Gaitskell, that sincere and virtuous statesman, irritates me almost as much as Nasser's. I have no excuse. It is just one of those things. Accordingly, it distresses me to learn that I shall see it on posters and on TV constantly in the months ahead. "Man with a plan." The plan carried in a folder, but, for all the light it will throw for me and perhaps for all sorts and conditions of men, the folder might be in a locked b the key lost. For it seems unlikely that the vital of the plan of salvation will be known until Labo been in power again for the best part of a year I don't know when that time will come. We can't p the political parties buying poster space and putt on it anything they choose which doesn't contrav laws on obscenity, and we can't prevent them a fair allotment of broadcasting time. We must it. We are a democracy with a party system. W avoid seeing the posters and reading the blurb. the prospect ahead is rather grim.

Philosophy and Science.—Lord R in whose clarity, sense and powers of expression I remembers, what the scientists forget, the less Prometheus. Incidentally, his style is lucid and co all too favourably with the tangled, muddy, stu jargon of the scientists. He charges them with and with recklessly endangering terrestrial existenc the petty rivalries of their animated lumps defil heavens. Our planet cannot long persist on its courses or exist in their present courses. It may in a war with almost total destruction of human moon may split, crumble or melt if it gets a dir Bits may fall on Moscow or innocent Melton Mo The present mania of hate, hubris and destructiven become global. Can the statesmen halt it? It is do The spread of power without wisdom is terrifying East-West International Committee of Safety (two R

A SIGNED DRAWING BY QUEEN VICTORIA IS SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S: Inscribed and dated 1835, the drawing, in pencil (and now rather faint), is of "Athalie and Joas," in a scene from Racine's *Athalie*. It was bought by Spink's for £70.

BIDDING FOR QUEEN VICTORIA'S DRAWING: It is held up for display during the sale of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings. The pencil sketch was given in 1835 by the Earl of Erroll to Mrs. Hornby, who raffled it at a bazaar in Bury in the same year. The sale of drawings and paintings brought £4,400 for 181 lots.

two U.S.A., one Chinese, one West European, two neutral) must be set up and meet constantly to inculcate a return to sanity on the crater edge, end all tests of nuclear weapons and kill the absurd idea that the end of the human race is to be preferred to domination by half the human race of the other half. Some critics of Lord Russell's *Common Sense* (cheap at 7s. 6d.) say that he is sounder on scientists' vanity and statesmen's unwisdom than on the power of the human race to bury its hatchets and return to sanity, safety and simplicity in its present state of insane ambition to oust the gods from Olympus. But how much easier he is to read than the nuclear men who prefer specialisation to a liberal education.

G.C.E.—I dare say that, if I had passed my youth and period of education under a system of examinations and preparation for them which attempt to test candidates' memories less and the general qualities of their minds more, I should to-day be a retired Civil Servant complete with a C.B. But then as now, the boys that got the 1st and 2nd Class honours were the boys with photographic memories for facts, dates, theories, driven in by crammers and baked with midnight oil. My memory was always deplorable and I got no credit from examiners or dons for spending some of my time "reading, thinking and talking for myself." True, I spent a good deal more time playing cricket and roulette or poker and shooting. One must have one's recreations. The headmasters of public schools have suddenly tumbled to the evil results of these decades of rewarding the nimble-memory-boys with high honours and recruiting the Civil Services with crammed fact-granaries. So Whitehall lost me and I lost my C.B. And, Heaven knows, I don't regret it. But there is still plenty of room in Whitehall and elsewhere for "general qualities of the mind," as opposed to human storehouses of specialised facts, and a "good life" comprises a percentage of culture and knowledge of more subjects than are required to earn a C.B. or send a rocket round the moon.

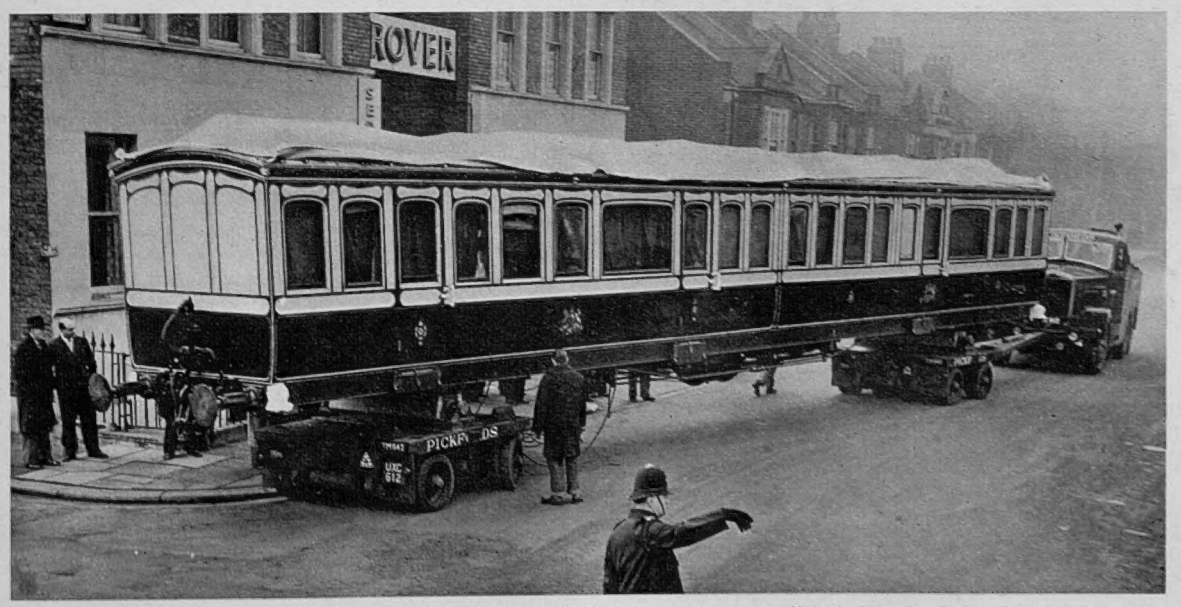
A Warning to the Unions.—As we know, industrial productivity has risen of late years far higher on the Continent than in Britain, and a member of the T.U.C. General Council last week warned an audience of Union leaders that Britain would find herself in a bit of a hole unless productivity here was greatly stepped up. Germany, in particular, is stepping up productivity far quicker than us, and the Union delegates were able to hear from a German the reason why. German workers, he said, were still prepared to make extraordinary sacrifices and accepted the need for wage restraint *in the national interest*. These Germans have not forgotten what they suffered under inflation, and are so afraid of it that they still tolerate lower living standards to avert a return of it. Their British counterparts have had less bitter experience of inflation, and certainly have never accepted wage restraint in the national interest. Probably most of them acknowledge the need for increased productivity even at the cost of redundancy, but for a different reason. They accept it because the need to keep alive the technique of productivity is essential for the future. But increased productivity without wage restraint cannot solve the British problems of competition in overseas markets. It is a question of prices, and prices are regulated by wages above all.

Antics of the Antis.—I judge that to-day the average number of foxes killed in a day's hunting by all the packs in Britain is low enough to rank fox-hunting among the most "innocent" of the blood sports. The southern packs would bring the average down, what with barbed wire, subtopianism and farmers' pest shoots directed partly to the preservation of game in which nowadays farmers are greatly concerned. Be that as it may, the fanatics of the anti-this-or-that leagues are becoming more than ludicrous. They are intolerable. None of these Societies and Leagues—not even perhaps the anti-nuclear and rocket folk—would claim to represent the voice of Britain numerically. Their conviction of being right alone gives them the vanity to claim to be that *vox populi cum voce Dei*. And of all their methods, their efforts to dictate to the Queen on the upbringing of the Prince of Wales is the worst-mannered and silliest, and fortunately the least effective. For neither the Queen nor Prince Philip pays the slightest attention to those fanatics. As *The Times* points out, if these peculiar people had their way, our nation might fall under a minority dictatorship which would be more terrible than Stalin's. What we might and might not eat and drink, how we disposed of our carcasses after death, how we spend our Sundays, our money, our recreational time, all these things might be decided for us by these Archibalds-the-All-Right. For if one gang of fanatics had their way, why should not other gangs? There are many reforms I should like to see carried out in Britain to-day, from a reduction in taxation and cost of living to a reduction in hereditary titles, but I am not prepared to be dragged by policemen through mud for them, or to bully the Sovereign to obtain them. For even in senility I value what remains to me of a reputation for common sense, decency, good manners and, above all, a sense of humour.

In Search of a Book.—I had come to believe that there were bookshops in London, Edinburgh and Oxford which could practically guarantee to find me a second-hand copy of an out-of-print book which was not a collector's piece or a rarity, especially if it had been published in a reasonably large edition within the last thirty years; and I have usually been right. Accordingly, I am puzzled at the failure of all my favourite sources to produce for me a great novel by the Victorian novelist Lady Augusta Noel, entitled *From Generation to Generation*. This novel was originally published by Macmillans in the '70's and was reissued with an introduction by John Gore in their "Rescue Series" by the firm of Elkin Mathews and Marrot between 1926 and 1928. There were about eight volumes in that series, and they included Miss Emily Eden's *Semi-attached Couple* and *Semi-detached House*, and ended ingloriously with Jane Austen's cruelly "rescued" and completed *The Watsons*. The *Semi-attached* and *Semi-detached* were republished by Latimer House in 1947. The *Semi-detached*, with an introduction by Sir Anthony Eden, was again revived in America recently and with success. The gem of the collection, Lady Augusta Noel's *From Generation to Generation* has apparently vanished again from the face of Britain. Sir Edward Marsh, a good critic, said of it in 1928 that it ranked among the very greatest of mid- and even late-Victorian novels. If this should catch the eye of any bookseller or private owner (willing to part), it is the "Rescue Series" edition I am after, and I would pay a good price for it.

A Glove Fight.—I think it was Conan Doyle's description of the "Smiths' last battle" in *Rodney Stone* which first wakened my interest in prize fights and admiration for the pluck and generosity of the men of the ring. That courage and generosity vigorously survives to-day among an even (relatively) larger circle. Cooper's victory over London at Earls Court last week will probably rank among the greatest championship title fights of all time. I can understand the distaste and disgust which many men and women feel about these exhibitions, for before the end both Cooper and London looked like exhibits from a badly-run slaughter-house. But somehow the sheer courage, endurance, *guts*, of both victor and vanquished triumphed over the surface beastliness, and their fair play and generosity in defeat and victory redeemed the long battle from a fight between beasts in an arena to make a Roman holiday, into a saga of human courage and endurance fit to rank with Scott's last journey. There are, of course, features and conditions at the ringside—of a materialistic kind—which may make the comparison a trifle exaggerated, but the pluck and decency of the men inside the ring was a stimulus to courage and endurance for many.

THE OLD STAGER

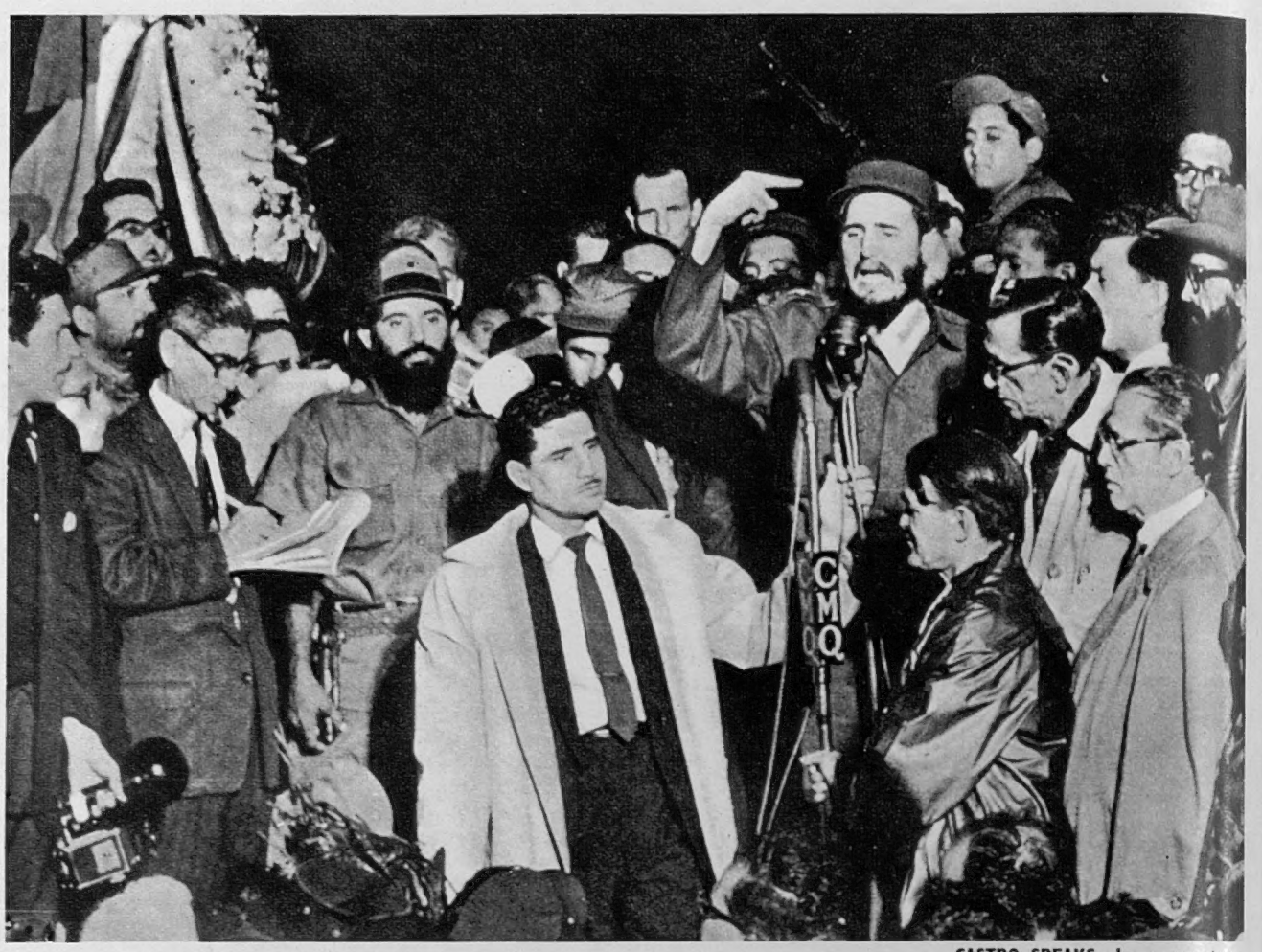


QUEEN VICTORIA'S RAILWAY SALOON PASSES THROUGH LONDON: It is seen on two trailers being edged round a corner during the journey to Earls Court, where it will be on view at the Furniture Exhibition. Built in 1869, the coach is one of the most notable transport relics preserved by the British Transport Commission. Its value is estimated at £45,000.

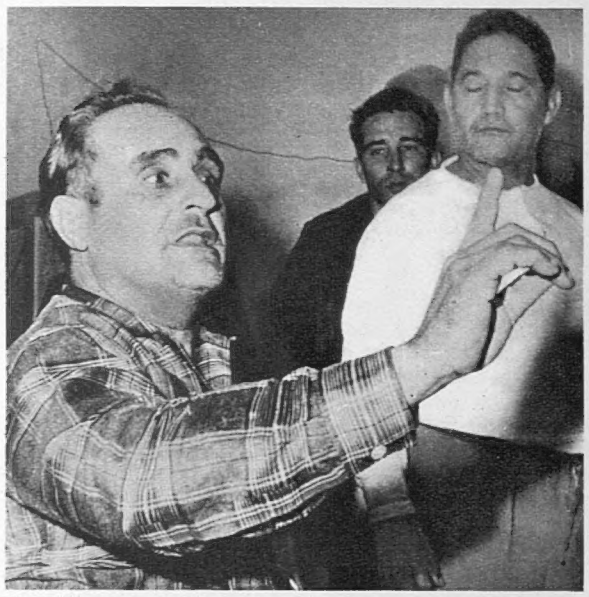
PURGE IN CUBA

Many Followers of ex-President Batista Executed on the Orders of Military Tribunals Set up on the Island

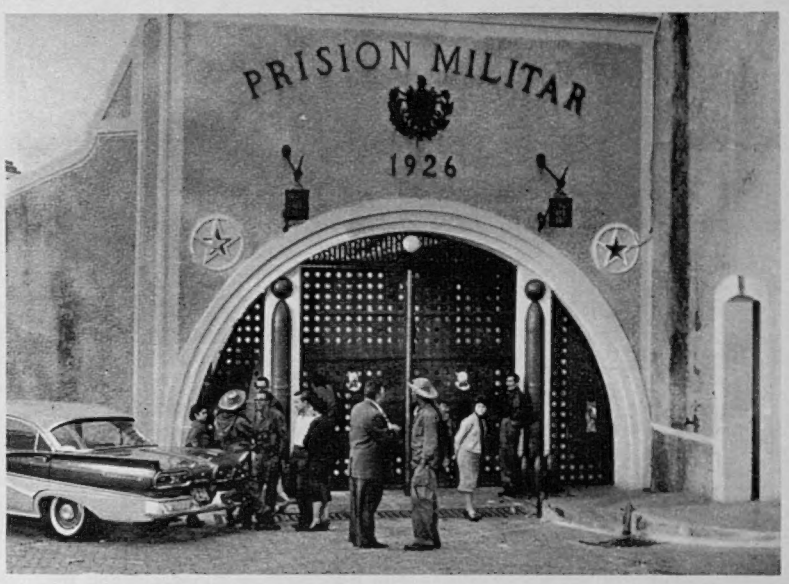
Following the establishment of the Revolutionary Government under Dr. Urrutia came a wave of military trials of those accused of supporting the Batista régime. A total of 150 police, soldiers, gunmen and informers were executed according to a list published shortly after the provisional government was formed. Unconfirmed reports put the total number of executions at over 200. Dr. Fidel Castro later declared that the total would not exceed 450. He also said that those being tried were accused of having killed " twenty, thirty or forty persons." There were meetings in Cuba to protest about the foreign criticism of the executions. Indignation in Washington increased. It appeared that much of the comment was caused by the speed of the trials rather than anything else. Later reports suggested that trials and executions were taking place in decreasing numbers. Dr. Castro said that the Cuban people followed the orders of President Urrutia and not the dictates of foreign censure.



CASTRO SPEAKS: In a cemetery in Havana, the revolutionary leader gesticulates as he addresses a packed crowd surrounding the grave of a revolutionary fighter who died attempting to overthrow the Batista régime. Later, in the capital, Dr. Castro said that the executions of alleged " war criminals " in Cuba would not exceed 450. He was addressing several hundred workers who had gathered in front of the Presidential Palace to protest against foreign criticism of the wave of summary tribunals.



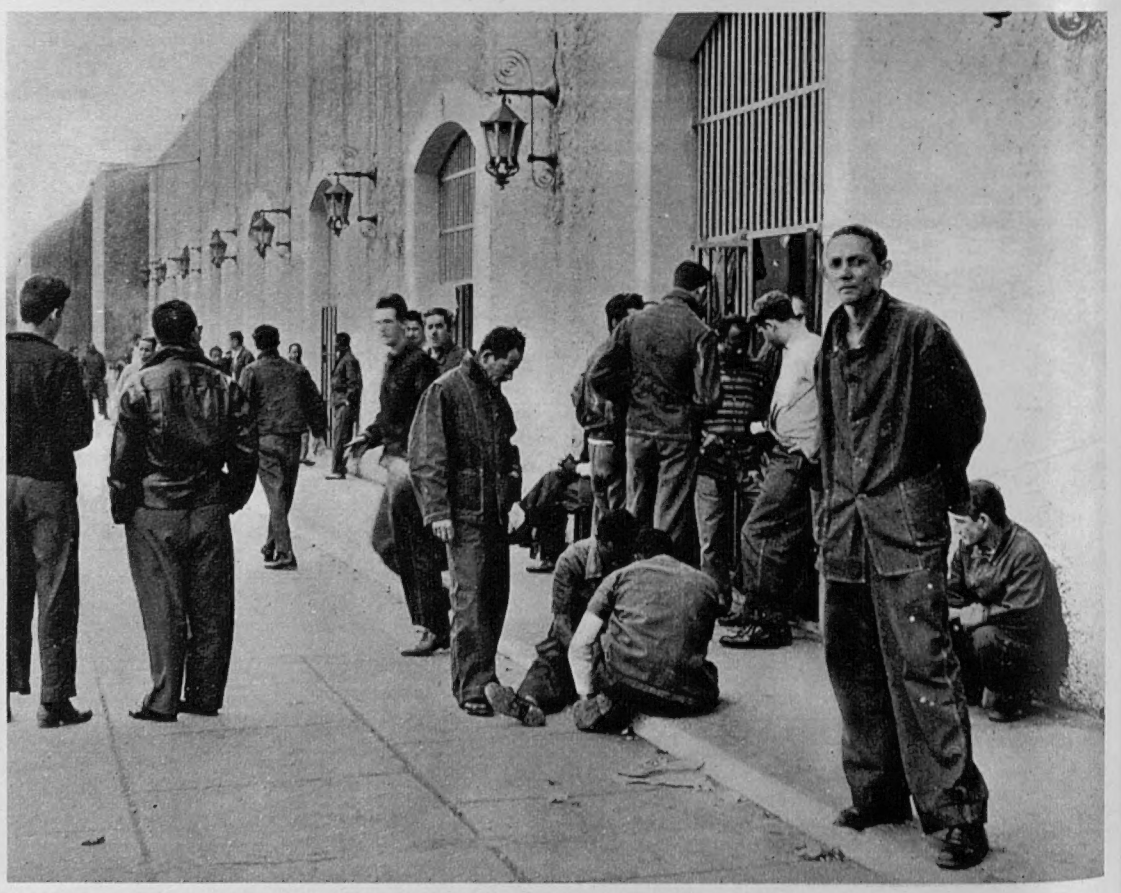
ON TRIAL: In a military court in Colon, a former Batista Army captain pleads his case. Alleged to have caused the death of thirty people, he was sentenced to be shot.



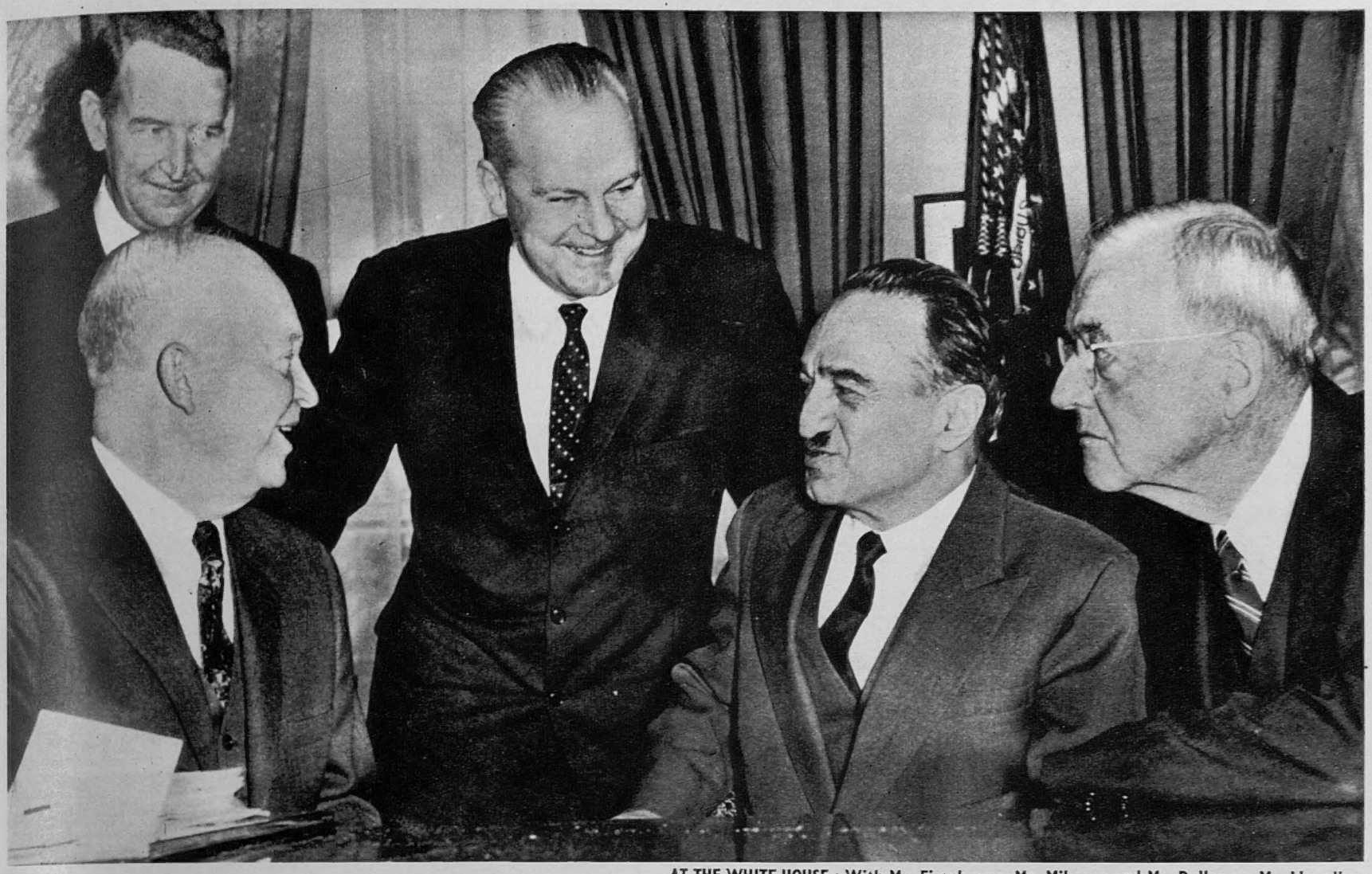
On left—

A MILITARY PRISON IN HAVANA: Cubans stand outside La Cabana Prison in the capital. It was reported that some 560 supporters of the Batista régime were awaiting trial.

PROMISING WORK: The provisional President Dr. Urrutia tells cabaret and night-club workers in Havana that he has ordered places of entertainment to be opened again.



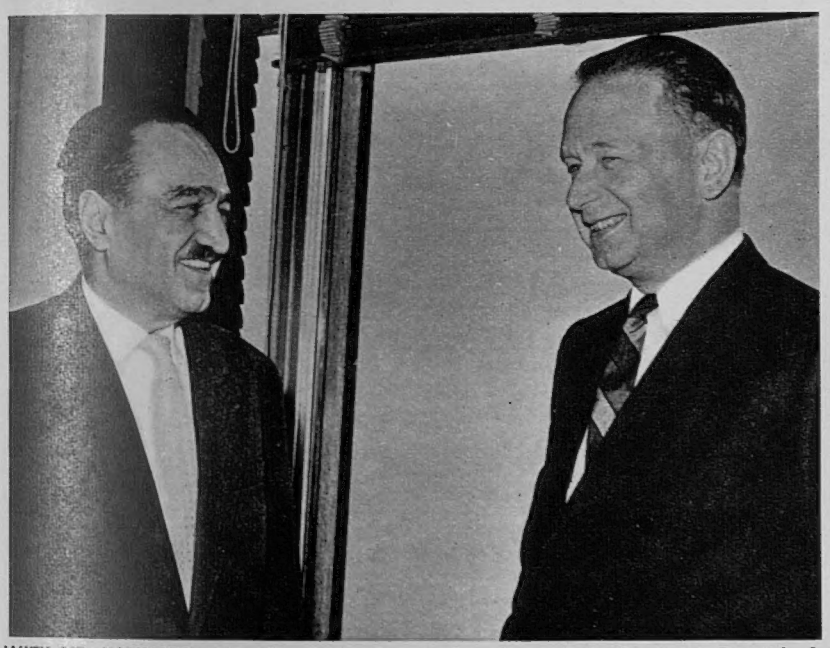
INSIDE THE PRISON : Alleged supporters of the Batista régime await trial in La Cabana Prison. Reports put the figure of those executed in Cuba at over 200, although this was not confirmed. A new Supreme Court was sworn in to take over the " war crimes " trials from the revolutionary courts. It is headed by Judge Emilio Menendez.



AT THE WHITE HOUSE : With Mr. Eisenhower, Mr. Mikoyan and Mr. Dulles are Mr. Llewellyn Thompson (standing behind the President), the United States Ambassador in Moscow, and Mr. Menshikov, the Soviet Ambassador in Washington. The talks in the White House lasted an hour and three-quarters. They were the climax of Mr. Mikoyan's "unofficial" tour of the United States. Both sides stated afterwards that the discussions were exploratory and no firm proposals were made. According to Mr. Hagerty, the President's Press Secretary, subjects discussed included Berlin, Germany, disarmament, and particular aspects of Soviet-American relations. Significance was read into the fact that after the White House meeting, the Soviet Deputy Premier curtailed his tour so that he could report back to Moscow. Hopes were raised for a Four-Power meeting on Berlin.

MIKOYAN MEETS EISENHOWER

And Other Incidents in the Soviet Leader's U.S. Tour



WITH MR. HAMMARSKJOLD: The Soviet Deputy Premier and the Secretary-General of the United Nations are seen in the U.N. Building in New York. Mr. Mikoyan was noticeably cautious in the replies he gave at his Press Conference during this visit.

AN UNPLEASANT REMINDER: Posters demanding freedom for Ukraine are held up at the railway station in Pennsylvania before Mr. Mikoyan's departure for Washington. The demonstrators shouted and waved their banners as he boarded his train.

A DISCUSSION ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS: Mr. Mikoyan comes out of the door of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee-room in the Capitol in Washington. He had lunched there with members of the Committee. Being interviewed at the microphones is Senator Gore.

HOLIDAY AT MARRAKESH

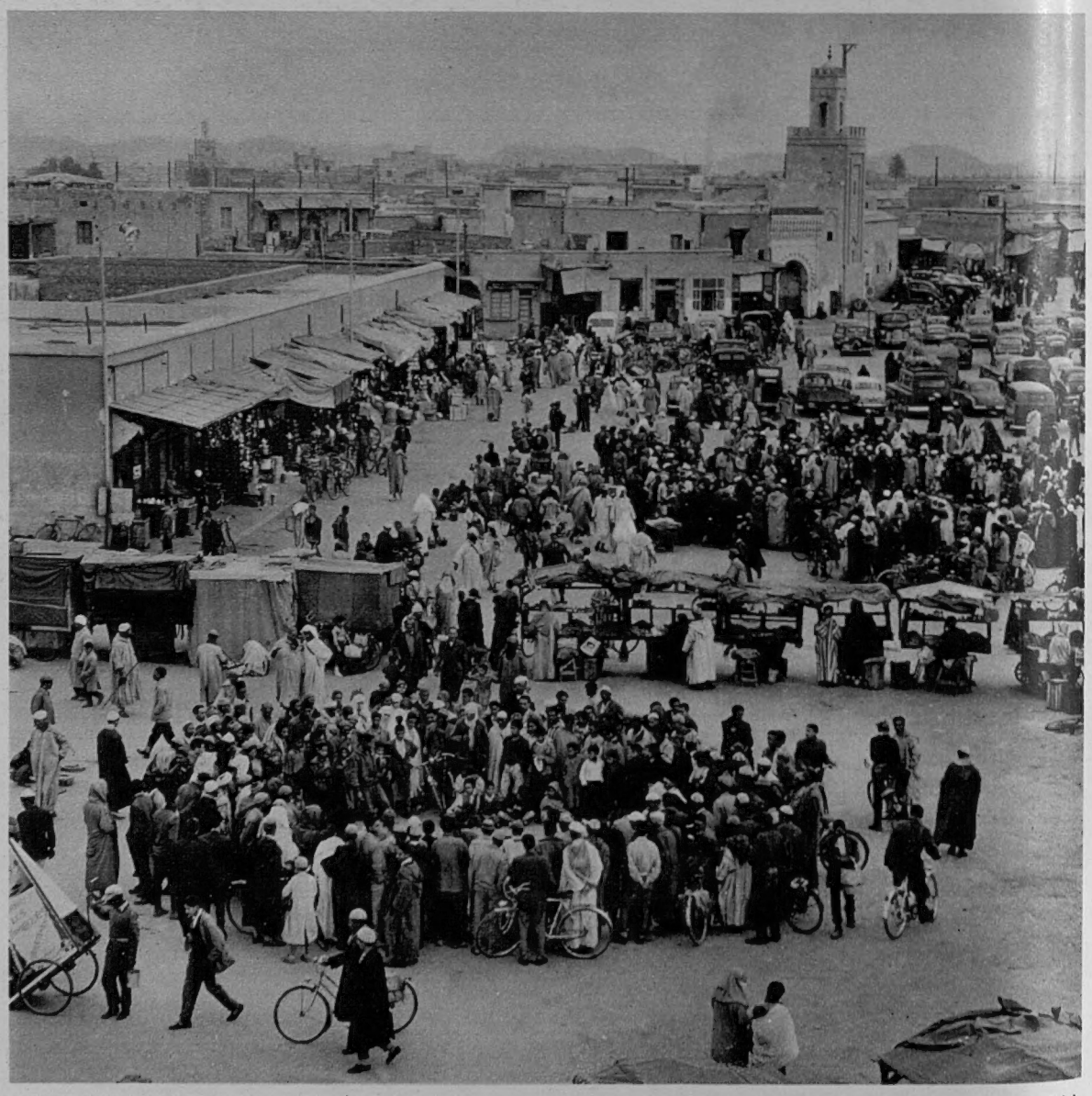
Sir Winston and Lady Churchill Fly to Morocco for a Winter Holiday

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL ON HOLIDAY: He is strolling in the grounds of the Mamounia Hotel at Marrakesh, in South Morocco, where he is on holiday with Lady Churchill. They flew from London last week in a chartered aircraft which had been placed at their disposal by Mr. Aristotle Onassis, the shipowner. Mr. Onassis and Lord and Lady Monckton travelled with Sir Winston and Lady Churchill. On arrival at the airport at Marrakesh they were met by Sir Charles Beresford Duke, the British Ambassador; Omar ben Shemsi, Governor of the Province, and Moulay Ahmed Alaoui, who represented the Moroccan Royal Palace. As Sir Winston appeared at the door of the aircraft there were cheers from the crowd which had gathered at the airport. Sir Winston is expected to spend several weeks at Marrakesh. On his return to this country he is to address in April a meeting of his constituents at Woodford, Essex. Members of the executive of the constituency met Sir Winston in London before his holiday.

A SALUTE FOR SIR WINSTON: The British statesman acknowledges the salute given by the guard of honour of Moroccan troops at Marrakesh Airport. From the airport Sir Winston and Lady Churchill drove to their hotel by car.

IN THE MARKET: Lady Churchill and Mr. Anthony Montague-Browne (Sir Winston's private secretary) are interested in a local donkey which they saw during a tour of Marrakesh market at the start of the holiday.

AN ART EXHIBITION: Jacques Majorelle, French-Moroccan artist, talks with Sir Winston during the latter's visit to his exhibition of paintings.



MARKET DAY AT MARRAKESH: A general view showing local inhabitants shopping in the market at Marrakesh, which Sir Winston toured by car. This is Sir Winston's first visit to Marrakesh for eight years. For their holiday Sir Winston and Lady Churchill have a suite of eight rooms in Mamounia hotel which overlooks the Atlas Mountains.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

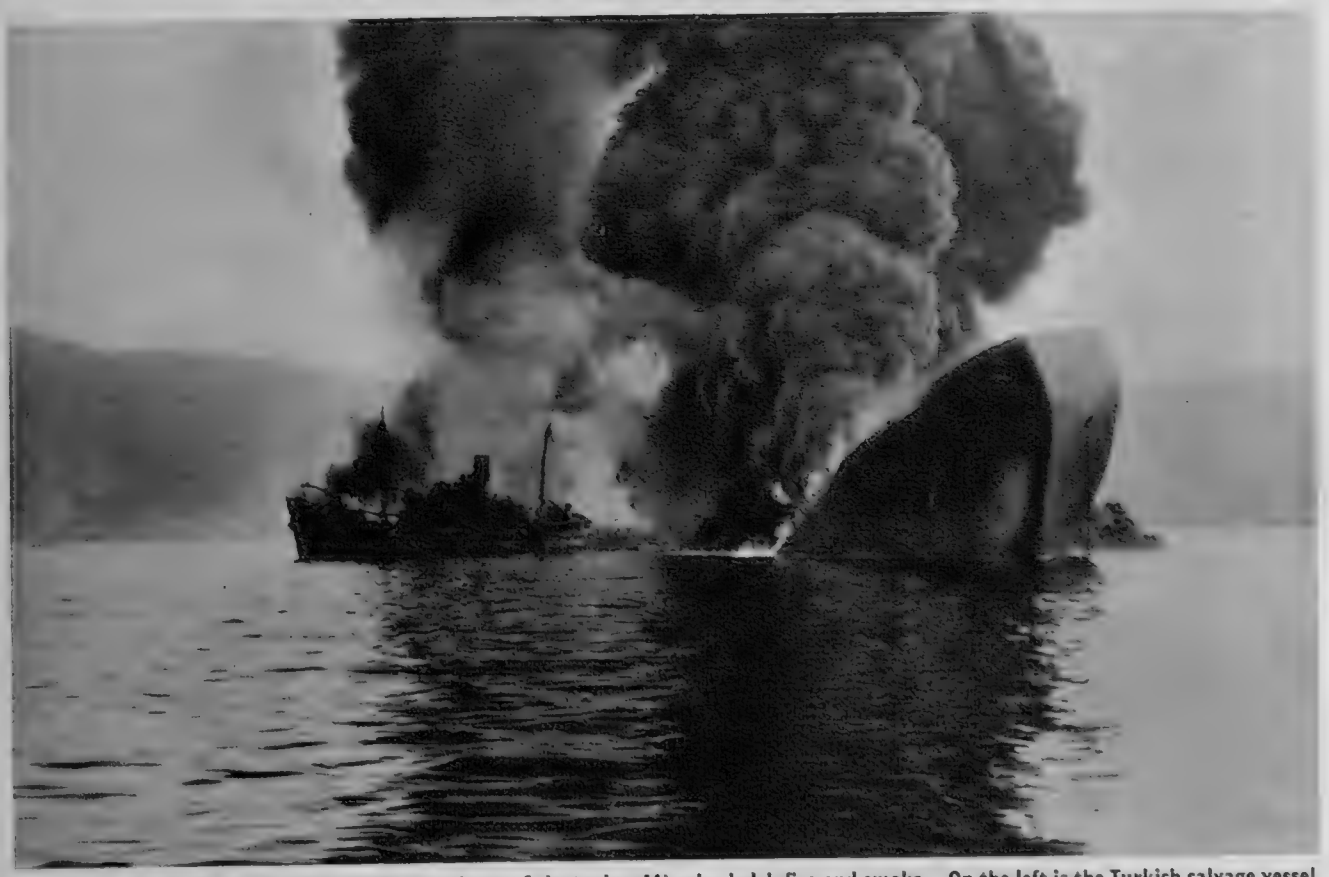
RECORDS OF THE NAZI PARTY: In this section of the U.S. Document Centre in West Berlin are stored the documents relating to S.S. (Black Shirt) officers, S.A. (Brown Shirts) and members of the notorious Supreme Party Court of the N.S.D.A.P. It is claimed that in its various sections the Centre houses records of practically every Nazi. The collection includes Hitler's party card as the No. 1 member of the Nazis.

A STORMY FIGURE CONTINUES IN OFFICE: Mr. Orval Faubus takes the oath at Little Rock, in Arkansas, U.S.A., at the start of his third term as Governor of the state. At left is Chief Justice Carleton. Mr. Faubus, one of the central and most controversial figures in the dispute over racial segregation in schools in the Southern States, was re-elected with a large majority last November.

A COMMUNIST'S TRIBUTE TO GANDHI: Herr Otto Grotewohl (right), the Prime Minister of East Germany, takes off his shoes before entering the Gandhi Memorial Shrine in New Delhi. He was stopping in the Indian capital, where he saw Mr. Nehru, while on his way to pay State visits to Hanoi, the capital of Communist North Vietnam, and to Peking. Herr Grotewohl is generally regarded as one of the most willing and loyal supporters of the dictates of the Kremlin among the satellites of the Soviet Union.

On left—
MARSHAL TITO IN INDIA: On his arrival from Burma in his yacht *Galeb*, the President of Yugoslavia shakes hands in Madras with the military area commander, General Kochar. On the following day Marshal Tito flew to Delhi for talks with Mr. Nehru. He reached there very soon after Herr Grotewohl's visit. As opposed to the journeyings of the East German Premier, the Marshal's current tour of Asia has been viewed with the greatest suspicion in Moscow. The Yugoslav leader's itinerary has included Indonesia, Burma, India and Ceylon.

COLONEL BANKS RETURNS FROM CAIRO: The M.P. for Pudsey is seen at London Airport on his arrival from Egypt, where he had had talks with Colonel Nasser about the possible release of the two Britons, James Swinburn and James Zarb, imprisoned after Suez on charges of spying. Since their trial, Colonel Banks has been active on behalf of the prisoners. The initialling of the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement on financial claims from the Suez intervention last week raised hopes that Mr. Swinburn and Mr. Zarb might be set free in the not too distant future.



A TANKER BLOWS UP IN A TURKISH PORT: The bows of the tanker *Mirador* belch fire and smoke. On the left is the Turkish salvage vessel *Imroz*, also on fire, which was engaged in rescue operations at the time of the explosion in the harbour of Iskenderun, in Turkey. Six people were killed and eighteen were reported missing. The *Mirador*, which flew the Panamanian flag, caught fire a fortnight previously. The fire was put out by an American destroyer. The *Imroz* was to have towed the *Mirador* to Naples.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE PRIME MINISTER ON TOUR: He is seen standing at the rails of the 35,400-ton tanker *Nordic Heron*, which he boarded during his visit to Joseph L. Thompson and Sons, Ltd., of Sunderland, one of the old-established family shipyards on Wearside. Mr. Macmillan was carrying out engagements on the last of his three-day "meet the people" tour of the North-East. Wherever he went, there were warm and friendly greetings. One of the friendliest receptions accorded Mr. Macmillan was at Stockton-on-Tees, his old constituency, which he represented from 1924 to 1929 and from 1931 to 1945. On the last day, Mr. Macmillan, in a challenging speech, contrasted the Socialist promises with the solid achievements of the Government. "We for our part welcome this test—an acid test of performance" he declared.

MEETING THE PEOPLE: During his visit to the engineering shops of Head Wrightson and Co., Ltd., at Thornaby-on-Tees, Mr. Macmillan stops to talk with some of the workmen. The Premier's engagements in the North-East were many and varied, some formal, others informal.

On right—

LONDON CONGRESS ON NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT: Mr. Lanla del Vasto, France, listens to a speech at the first European Congress for Nuclear Disarmament. From ideas expressed, it was apparent that there is as much conflict of opinion abroad as there is in Britain about the best way of banishing the hydrogen bomb.

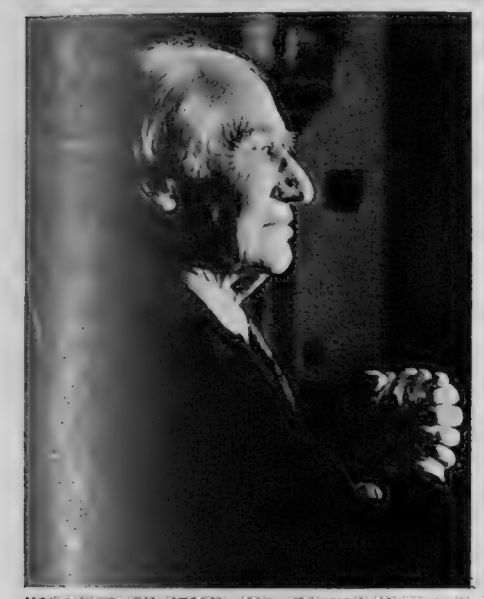
QUESTION-TIME AT THE CONGRESS: Lord Russell (Bertrand Russell), President, and Canon L. John Collins, Chairman, listen to questions at the first European Congress for Nuclear Disarmament. The meeting was attended by delegates of nine countries.

THE WINNING TRY: D. Bebb, the Welsh wing three-quarter, makes for the line to score the only try in the first home Rugby international of the season, played at Cardiff Arms Park in mud and rain. England lost by 5 points to nil. It was their first defeat for two seasons.

WALES WIN IN THE MUD: A. Risman, the English fly-half (number six), is tackled by Ll. Williams. Standing over Risman is T. E. Davies, the Welsh full back, and sitting in the mud is B. V. Meredith, the Welsh hooker. It began to rain at Cardiff Arms Park on the morning before the match and it continued to rain throughout the day. As had been expected, the Welsh forwards revelled in the quagmire and always dictated the course of a game in which both sets of backs saw little of the ball. The only try was scored by Bebb, playing his first match for his country. He skidded over for an unexpected try from a line-out. This was converted by T. E. Davies, who gave a faultless performance at full back. The Welsh forwards, under the shrewd captaincy of R. C. C. Thomas, kept the ball close, while the English did not adapt themselves to the conditions.

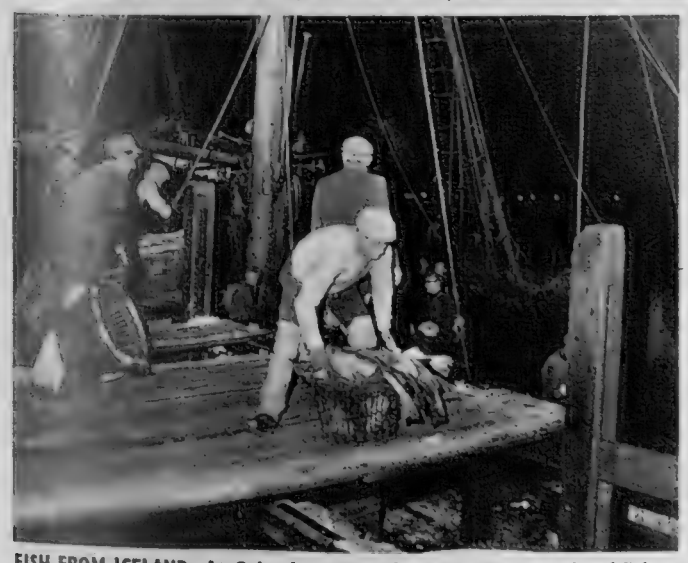
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE OPENING OF THE SWEDISH PARLIAMENT: *Left*—King Gustaf (in the light cloak, centre) mounts the stairway to the Palace chapel, in Stockholm, accompanied by Prince Wilhelm and Prince Bertil. In the foreground is the Royal coach. The service in the chapel is traditionally attended by the Swedish King before opening the Riksdag. *Right*—King Gustaf reads his speech from the throne in the Royal Palace at Stockholm. The Budget presented by the Finance Minister on the first day of the Riksdag showed that Sweden was facing her most difficult economic position for some years. Increased taxation, a 40 per cent. increase in unemployment and a rise in production of only 1 per cent. demonstrated a dangerous trend.



HONOURED BY ITALY: Mr. Edward Hutton is seen at his home in St. John's Wood, in London. He was recently presented by the Italian Government with the Commenda of the Ordine per il Merito della Repubblica in recognition of his outstanding services to Anglo-Italian friendship. Mr. Hutton, who is eighty-three, is known for his work in connection with the British Institute in Florence and for his many books on Italy.

On left—
AN AIR PIONEER IS HONOURED: Mr. Gustavus Green, who is ninety-three years old, looks at an old French clock at his home in Twickenham, in Middlesex. He has been made an honorary Companion of the Royal Aeronautical Society for his work on the design and development of the early Green aero engines. These were used in many successful flights in Britain from 1909 onwards. Mr. Green received his scroll from the President of the Society, Sir Arnold Hall. Although Mr. Green retired in the 1920's, he still spends much time in his workshop.



FISH FROM ICELAND: At Grimsby men unload the first supply of fish to be brought to England by an Icelandic trawler since the extension of the fishing limits. *Right*—The fish is prepared for the sale. The *Ingolfur Arnason* brought 22,920 stone of fish, which was sold for £11,595. Merchants in the port expressed the hope that the arrival of the Icelandic vessel would lead to the end of the friction between the two countries and that further arrivals of fish from Iceland would help to counteract the winter shortage. The following day another Icelandic trawler, the *Fylkir*, brought 20,000 stone of fish. The Secretary of the Grimsby Trawler Officers' Guild said that they were strongly opposed to the landing of Icelandic fish. An emergency meeting of the Guild might be called to discuss the situation. He went on to say that he was consulting officials of the Hull and Fleetwood Trawler Officers' Guilds.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

SUPPLIES FOR TROOPS ENGAGED IN ANTI-EOKA OPERATIONS: A helicopter hovers above a peak in the Troodos Mountains, in Cyprus. Aircraft of this type have been used to drop supplies to units taking part in the anti-Eoka drive which started this month.

TAKING UP THE RATIONS TO A REMOTE AREA OF CYPRUS: A donkey sets out from a camp with the rations for troops in a place which is unsuitable even for dropping supplies from a helicopter. In a broadcast last week, Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor of the island, answered criticisms that the current anti-terrorist operations were a breach of Eoka's "truce call." He declared: "There will be no bargain with violence. We shall never issue a licence for terrorism." He was surprised, he added, that anyone should expect him to reply to requests for freedom for Eoka "to intimidate and ruin innocent people, to import and transport arms, make bombs, plot and prepare murder." Greek Cypriot reaction to the broadcast was reported to be bitter and indignant.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FURTHER RIOTS IN THE BELGIAN CONGO: Troops man a barricade at the entrance to a forbidden area in Leopoldville. As result of the riots, streets were still being heavily patrolled in the capital of Congo last week. However, tension was reported to have noticeably subsided after the declarations by King Baudouin and the Belgian Government promising eventual independence for the territory. The Governor-General, M. Henri Cornelis, called upon mayors, trade union leaders and the various organisations in the European and African groups to co-operate with him in carrying out reforms and in maintaining order. The Abako, the association of the Lower Congo tribe which was believed to have instigated the riots, was dissolved. It was expected that its leaders under arrest would be prosecuted.

A CHECKPOINT OUTSIDE THE CAPITAL OF CONGO: Belgian paratroopers search a car while one of their number keeps his gun at the ready on a road leading to Leopoldville. Vehicles of all kinds passing this point were subject to a thorough examination.

On right—

DR. NKRUMAH IN CAIRO: He is leaving President Nasser after a conversation at the Republican Palace. The Prime Minister of Ghana spent two days in Egypt on his way home from his visit to India. On returning to Accra one of his first actions was to hold a Press conference. He said that the country would soon have to decide how it would transform itself into a republic. Dr. Nkrumah also stated that after the Queen's visit to Ghana this year, he hoped to visit Russia, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma and China.

THE ISRAEL BOND ORGANISATION CONFERENCE IN NEW YORK: Sitting, from left, are Mr. Levi Eshkol, the Israeli Finance Minister; Mr. Abba Eban, Israeli Ambassador to America; and Mr. Ira Guilden, Chairman of the American National Campaign for the bonds. Standing are Mr. Abraham Feinberg (right), President of the Israel Bond Organisation, and Dr. Joseph Schwartz, Vice-President. During the meetings the conference learnt that about £16,500,000 was raised last year through the sale of Israel bonds for consolidating Israel's economic framework. Money from the bonds is a major source for providing housing and employment for immigrants into Israel.

World Affairs

BACK ON THE MIDDLE EAST TREADMILL

By JOHN CONNELL

THE Egyptians have many years of experience of negotiating agreements—financial and otherwise—with the British, though, of course, there was a break between November 1956 and January 1959. Their technique in these affairs undergoes little or no change. The Junta of Free Officers, revolutionary though its aspirations and achievements may be, differs little in this matter from its fallen and execrated predecessors.

First there is the intimate whisper, uttered to one intermediary, passed on to another, that the Government of Egypt is willing to talk about whatever has been under dispute. It is all done with an elaborate apparatus of secrecy; but the Egyptians have long since learned the value of the arranged "leak," probably in either Bonn or Zurich. And there is the maximum fun—for the Egyptian sense of humour is keen if quaint—to be extracted out of the Foreign Office spokesman's earnest and ardent protestations that there is nothing whatever in the wind. If (in the Egyptian view) you can thus thrice, in the course of any set of negotiations, pull the carpet out from under those big, solemn fellows in Downing Street, this is not only an obvious piece of one-up-manship, but adds greatly to the savour of the final agreement. Meanwhile, you issue invitations to selected members of the Opposition and to journalists of the eager-beaver category, to come and see for themselves how sincerely anxious the régime is to come to an agreement. These invitations are especially acceptable in the months of November to March, when the weather in the Nile Valley is quite a change from slush in Gower Street and fog in Parliament Square.

The next phase opens with the arrangement of the heads of discussion. Here the Egyptians go back to first principles. They begin with a series of demands so outrageous that even an old, cool hand like Sir Denis Rickett is left, for a minute or two, quite speechless. The figure of £50,000,000 has a macabre fascination for the Egyptians. I remember when that pretty little scrap of paper, the 1954 Agreement between the Government of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and the Egyptian Government regarding the Suez Canal Base (with Annexes, Exchange of Notes and Agreed Minute), was under discussion, the Egyptians one morning lobbed a lovely fast one over the net, in the form of a claim for £50,000,000, which they said would cover customs and import duties owed by the British troops who had been stationed there. The British delegation dealt amiably with this preposterous

THE CHIEF NEGOTIATORS: Sir Denis Rickett, leader of the British delegation, shakes hands with Mr. Abdel el-Kaissouny in Cairo. The start of their talks over Suez claims was described by both sides as "useful."

suggestion, and the Egyptians gave way, with a great show of grace and generosity—which, of course, was the object of the exercise.

Once, at this same series of meetings, it looked for a strange moment as if the Egyptians might have gone too far. One of their expert advisers on the finance committee, a man named Abdul el Emary, suddenly demanded that, if and when the Treaty became operative, Britain should pay the full maintenance cost of all the military and R.A.F. installations which were, thereafter, to be Egyptian property, and observed blandly, "It is in the interests of both Governments that the base be kept in proper condition ready for reactivation, and Egypt cannot bear more burdens." Sir Ralph Stevenson, the then British Ambassador in Cairo, whom nobody could accuse of not wanting to play along with the Egyptians, was moved to protest: "I cannot understand how the United Kingdom can be expected to foot this bill without having control or knowing what happens to the money."

Were we in for a deadlock? Oh no. The Egyptians put it aside with a sweet smile, thus demonstrating their willingness to make concessions in face of Britain's brutal and intransigent imperialism. Thereafter the discussions trundled along happily enough; and after Mr. Anthony Nutting, the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, had gone to and fro once or twice between London and Cairo, agreement was reached. And where, I sometimes wonder, is Mr. Anthony Nutting now? These reflections and recollections, not untinged with irony, were stirred by reading that Sir Denis Rickett, gallantly brushing aside the effects of an attack of influenza, had flown to Cairo to take charge of the negotiations (at that same Government rest-house near the Great Pyramid which was the scene of most of the 1954 discussions), and had said on arrival, "I am authorised to sign an agreement. I am sure Mr. Black has done a great deal to make agreement possible."

PAVING THE WAY FOR THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN TALKS: President Nasser sits at the table in Cairo with Mr. Black, President of the World Bank. At left is Mr. Rucinski, Assistant to Mr. Black, and at right Mr. Kaissouny, Egyptian Economics Minister. Their conversations led to the Anglo-Egyptian talks on Suez compensation.

I cannot work up a flicker of enthusiasm for the new deal between Britain and Egypt; and I regard Mr. Eugene Black's part in it with the gravest suspicion. There are gloomy indications that we are heading for a new round of retreat and humiliation in the Middle East; and once again it is at the insistence of the Americans. It used to be possible—in the old days when we ourselves were the predominant Western influence in this region and making blunder after blunder in our exercise of this influence—to understand and to some extent to sympathise with the Americans' reluctance "to pull England's chestnuts out of the fire." But for the past two years, since the last sad orgy of finger-burning, we have had no chestnuts there at all.

Until a detachment of British troops went into Jordan on a specific task, which they fulfilled and from which they have been withdrawn, we were completely out of the Middle East and we had no Middle Eastern policy—except the tattered, battered old Bagdad Pact, which died an inglorious and horrible death in the city of its birth last summer. I myself had no doubt of the wisdom of the Jordan operation, linked as it was to the Americans' beach-landing at Beirut. The effect was to secure more than six months of comparative tranquillity in the Middle East. King Hussein at the beginning of January was still alive and on his throne—far more firmly so than he was six months before—and neither the Lebanon nor Jordan had been forcibly incorporated in the United Arab Republic.

And now we lumber into a financial deal with the United Arab Republic, the main agent (under Russian guidance and supervision) of mischief and unrest in the Middle East. It is a deal which, in my view, has neither morality nor expediency to justify it. We have, I admit, been consistently immoral in our politics and our diplomacy in this region for the past forty years; but at least it used to be possible to claim that we were acting dishonourably in what we thought were our own interests. The emergence and consolidation of the State of Israel, the revolution in Egypt and all its train of consequences, the revolution in Iraq and other linked happenings too numerous and too confusing to mention, put an end to that shabby policy and the profoundly fallacious arguments on which it was based. Or so, in the tumult of events after Gamal Abdul Nasser "nationalised" the Suez Canal Company, it became possible to believe.

Abdication and impotence, if honestly accepted as such, were better than the dreadful miasma of makeshift and make-believe which was British policy in the immediate pre-Suez (or, to use Israeli terminology, pre-Sinai) epoch. Even after Suez we clung—it seemed to me, with a morbid intensity which was sheerly pathological—to the Bagdad Pact; and last summer Nuri-es-Said, Prince Abdul Illah and the young King Feisal of Iraq were murdered, as sacrificial victims of the hatred and the contempt which Arab nationalists and revolutionaries have always felt for that pact and its signatories.

Now we are desperately trying to establish some sort of *modus vivendi* with these same nationalists and revolutionaries, whose political authority and prestige are enhanced in exact proportion to the degree of our eagerness to come to terms with them. Efforts to play off Kassem against Nasser, and Nasser against Kassem, are as futile as they are transparently obvious. It is the kind of foolish stratagem which evokes paroxysms of mirth—with a very bitter edge to the laughter—among the Cairo leader-writers and cartoonists. It is preposterous to argue that Colonel Nasser is not a Communist because he says he isn't and because he puts his local Communists, in Syria as well as in Egypt, in gaol if he can lay his hands on them. Nasser is the triumphant exponent of a dynamic Egypto-Arab movement of revolt and expansionism.

He has not lost his vindictive hatred of the Western Powers because he has thrown off the last shackles of imperialism (to employ his jargon): Hitler was just as full of venom after he had denounced the Treaty of Versailles and flounced out of the League as he was before. Nasser is not filled with understanding of and amity towards Britain because he gives interviews to the Editor-in-Chief of the *Spectator* and Mr. Woodrow Wyatt: Hitler gave frequent interviews to Mr. Ward Price, and year by year entertained a whole group of British notables at Nuremberg; and Goering once took Lord Halifax out shooting. How naif—as a cynical but experienced acquaintance of mine has murmured—can you get?

There is a way of coming to terms with Nasser. It is not this way. It consists in a swift and drastic reorganisation of our fuel and power needs and development programme, and an equally swift and drastic redirection of all our long-distance sea and air communications. It means turning away from oil to atomic energy, water and coal; it means cutting out the Suez Canal and Cairo Airport. And it means giving steady, large-scale support to our two friends in the region, Turkey and Israel. The likelihood of our adopting such a course, except under the most extreme pressure of events, seems to me minimal.

THROUGH FROZEN WATERS: The Canadian ice-breaker *Montcalm* proceeds to cut a channel through the great St. Lawrence River, near Montreal, crushing the ice into the appearance of crazy-paving. Because this year's freeze-up occurred earlier than is usual, numerous vessels scheduled to complete journeys before winter's grip found themselves trapped in the ice.

CHAOS ON MANY CANADIAN RIVERS AS A RESULT OF THE E an S O S call from a cargo-ship which had beco just returned to the harbour after having helped to

On right—

TO THE RESCUE: The Canadian Government's ice-breaker *D'Iberville* returns to Montreal harbour after clearing a path through thick ice in the upper St. Lawrence river. At one time thirteen ships were in need of assistance.

ALL SET FOR HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: The 33,000-ton oil tanker *Presidente Juscelino*, is berthed at the Verolme United Shipyard, on the River Noord, in Holland, in readiness for her first voyage to Rio de Janeiro. The oil tanker, launched in October, is the first of seven which are being built in Holland for an oil company in Brazil.

FINAL TRIALS FOR A NEW BRITISH-BUILT TANKER: The 35 ton *Nordic Hawk* is the first of two sister-ships built in Britain for Nordic Tankships I/S of Denm She will be registered in Denmark but wil chartered to the British Petroleum Tanker Comp

FREEZE-UP: The ice-breaker *D'Iberville* ploughs her way through the ice after receiving victim of the frozen waters of the St. Lawrence River. The ice-breaker had only path for another cargo-ship in distress. Not only has this year's freeze-up occurred much earlier than was expected, it is also much more severe, and is causing concern among shipowners, who are losing vast sums of money as a result of their ships being brought to a standstill. As well as affecting rivers, the rigorous conditions are causing chaos in towns. Over a wide area vehicles stand abandoned on roads impassable through hard-packed ice or deep snow.

TAKING TO THE WATER FOR THE FIRST TIME: The U.S.S. *Halibut*, the first nuclear-powered submarine capable of firing guided missiles, slides down the slipway at the naval shipyard at Vallejo, in California, after her launching by Rear-Admiral E. W. Grenfell, Commander of the Pacific Fleet's submarine force. The submarine was originally designed as a diesel-powered ship but it was later decided that she would be nuclear-powered instead of having conventional propulsion. Her hull is designed primarily to provide a stable launching platform rather than for speed or manœuvrability.

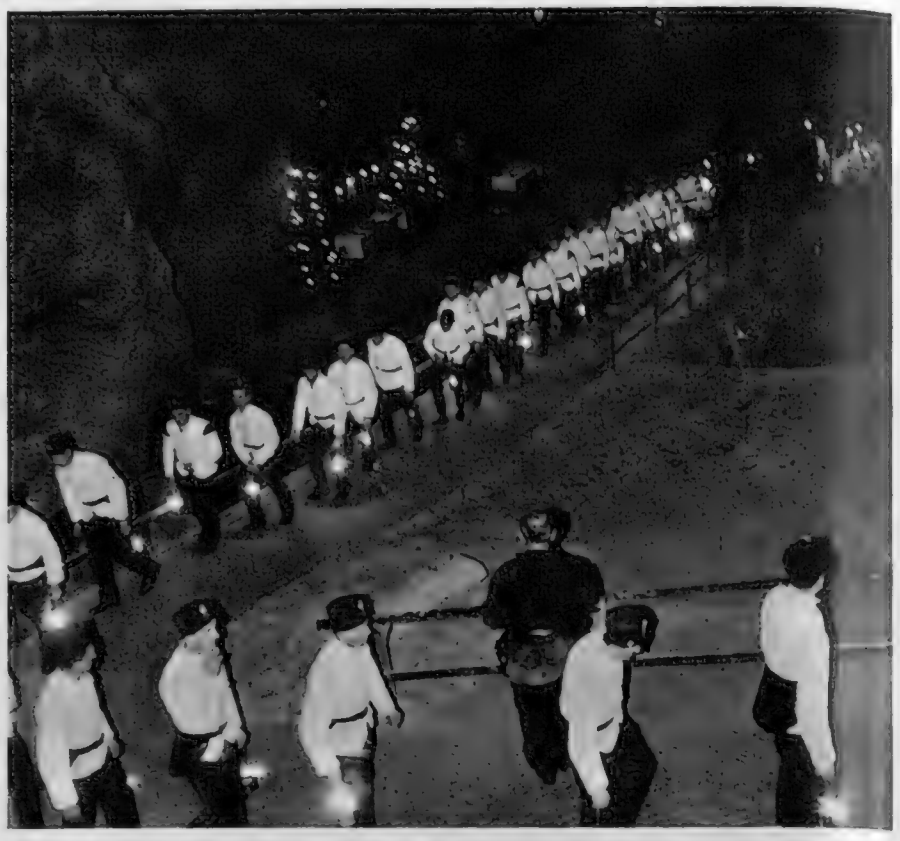
ON WINTER SEAS

Ice-bound Cargo Vessels in Canada; Launchings in Holland and America; and Final Trials in Britain

On right—

A MISHAP AT A LAUNCHING: The 33,000-ton oil tanker *Presidente Getulio*, the second of the seven oil tankers being built in Holland for a Brazilian oil company, is launched from the Verolme United Shipyard. As the vessel was about to leave the dock, one of the dock doors broke and fell into the water in the path of the tanker. By the use of tugs, there was no damage to the ship. The *Presidente Getulio's* sister-ship, the *Presidente Juscelino*, is illustrated in the bottom left-hand picture on the opposite page.

RUNNING HER TRIALS IN THE CLYDE: When she enters service, *Nordic Hawk* will be managed by the East Asiatic Company on behalf of Nordic Tankships I/C. This Danish company was formed last year when A/S Tankskibsrederiet, one of B.P.'s Danish associates, entered into a tanker-owning partnership with the East Asiatic Company. *Nordic Hawk* was built on the Clyde by the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company. She was expected to sail on her maiden voyage to the Persian Gulf immediately after her trials.



PONTIFICAL MASS AT EPIPHANY: *Left*—Cardinal Wendel, Archbishop of Munich (in the centre, wearing a biretta), walks towards his chair on his arrival in the "Kaiser Franz" cave at Berchtesgaden, in Bavaria. *Right*—Inside the Frauenberg Mountain a line of miners carry their lamps during the traditional ceremony at the beginning of the year in which the salt mines are blessed.

BLESSING A BAVARIAN SALT MINE

A Traditional Ceremony at Berchtesgaden

It is a strong tradition in Bavaria that at the beginning of the New Year many public buildings are blessed in Epiphany ceremonies. By local custom stables and house doors are also blessed. For 400 years there has been a traditional ceremony carried out deep underground in the salt mines at Berchtesgaden. This has usually been performed by the local priest in the Bavarian resort, conducting a Mass in the huge "Kaiser Franz" cave, hollowed out of the Frauenberg Mountain.

This year Cardinal Wendel, Archbishop of Munich, held a pontifical Mass. It is thought to have been the first time the Epiphany ceremony has been carried out by a cardinal. The Archbishop, although he was elected some years ago, must perforce need a considerable period of time to visit all the remote districts of his See. The college of Augustinian Canons, founded in Berchtesgaden in the twelfth century, gained great prosperity through the salt mines carved out deep in the limestone mountains. The mines began to be exploited towards the end of that century.

The ceremony this year was attended by about seventy miners. Cardinal Wendel walked slowly through the long tunnels and read parts of the Gospel in four different places. He then conducted Mass in the "Kaiser Franz" cave at an altar flanked by two Christmas trees. Inside the cave the temperature was only 54 deg. Fah. and the scene was lit only by the lights on the Christmas trees and the miners' lamps. To enter the cave it is necessary to descend wooden slides inclined at a sharp angle. The "salt lake" nearby is 110 yards long.

DURING THE BLESSING: Cardinal Wendel, holding in front of him his pastoral staff, passes the miners in white overalls as he blesses the various caves.

IN THE "KAISER FRANZ" CAVE AT BERCHTESGADEN: The scene of the pontifical Mass, conducted by Cardinal Wendel, is lit by the miners' lamps. About seventy men attended the traditional ceremony usually carried out by the parish priest.

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE SALT MINES: The tunnel is the entry to one of the mines, begun in 1559. The tradition of the Epiphany blessing of the mines dates back some 400 years. It was the first time that Cardinal Wendel had performed the ceremony.

PANORAMA OF TOKYO: The camera looks down on the Senju district of the Japanese capital from the new tower which was formally opened last month by the Crown Prince Akihito. It is a steel structure in form like the Eiffel Tower in Paris and 1,100 ft. in height at its top.

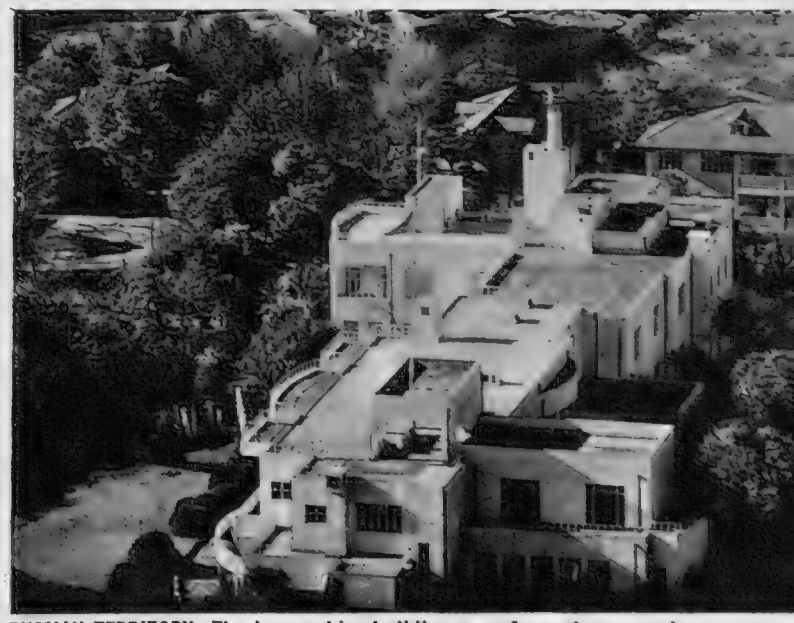
MODERN BUILDINGS: In another view from the tower the dominating feature is steel and concrete. Much of this central part of Tokyo has had to be rebuilt as a result of bomb damage during the war. The Japanese Eiffel Tower, with its television antennæ at the top, is 116 ft. taller than its prototype in Paris but the observation platform at 360 ft. is only a third of the way up, whereas the highest platform on the French tower is 950 ft. from the ground. Admission to the Tokyo tower costs 120 yen (about 2s.) and in the weeks since its opening it has proved a most popular attraction. Telephones are installed on the observation platform so that visitors can ring up their friends from this position. A number of marriages have been celebrated on the platform. Very early on New Year's morning a party climbed up to enjoy the spectacle of the sun rising over the city.

"EIFFEL TOWER" IN TOKYO

Views from a New Attraction in the Capital of Japan

A LANDMARK IN THE MOST POPULATED CITY IN THE WORLD: The tower, which cost £2,500,000 to construct, is built to withstand earthquakes, typhoons and winds of gale force up to 150 m.p.h. The legs are anchored in blocks of solid concrete 65 ft. deep. Tokyo now has a larger population than London.

ON THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM: Mounted binoculars are available to visitors on payment of a fee extra to the admission price. Through them views can be obtained across the city to Tokyo Bay.



RUSSIAN TERRITORY: The long, white building seen from the tower is the Soviet Embassy. The Tokyo tower is probably the tallest structure in Asia. The highest tower in the world is in America.

SCOTLAND'S ECONOMIC OUTLOOK

Prospects in Shipbuilding and in Other Industries

SHIPBUILDING has always been an important industry in Scotland and consideration of the state of the world-famous yards on the Clyde from Glasgow to Greenock is a suitable starting point for a survey of economic conditions north of the Border. Shipbuilders still have numerous orders on their books but the indications are that the post-war boom may not be maintained throughout the coming year unless the problems arising from the expansion of shipbuilding elsewhere in the world are squarely faced. Labour troubles were affecting certain yards at the end of 1958.

Considering the broader picture of Scottish industry and commerce, the most serious single factor appears to be a rise in unemployment. At the beginning of last month the overall total of unemployed in the United Kingdom had fallen. But if Scotland was taken by itself there had been a marked rise.

The areas showing the largest increases were the Highlands, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Renfrew and Fife and Kinross. Industries in which employees were affected included building, civil engineering, agriculture, fishing and aircraft construction. Some aviation engineers moved south to carry on work with firms in England but it is hoped that before long aircraft construction in Scotland will recover and that these men will return home.

Coal mining is another sphere which must be placed on the debit side of the economic account in a New Year survey. Twenty pits have been or are to be closed down on the grounds that they are uneconomic to operate. This has inevitably led to trouble among the miners. In some quarters it has been suggested that the Government should keep some of the condemned pits open, especially in the Douglas Valley, where mining is the only interest.

However, it would be entirely wrong to envisage the present and the future as black for all the workers in Scotland. Against the unsatisfactory features, much can be put in the balance. For instance, work has begun on the road bridge over the Firth of Forth. This immense structure will run parallel to the famous railway bridge and it is claimed that when completed it will be the longest suspension bridge in Europe. Here is a project which plainly must engage an army of workers. Another still vaster construction scheme in Scotland will be the new £50,000,000 steel strip mill, details of which were recently announced.

Among other large-scale Scottish industrial plans is the building of a deep-water terminal in Loch Long on the Firth of Clyde where oil tankers of up to 100,000 tons—larger, in fact, than any now sailing the seas—will be able to berth. Nearer Glasgow a giant graving dock is to be constructed opposite the Great Harbour of Greenock. Plans for it have been approved, at a cost of about £5,000,000. Away in the north work progresses steadily on the nuclear research and power station at Dounreay.

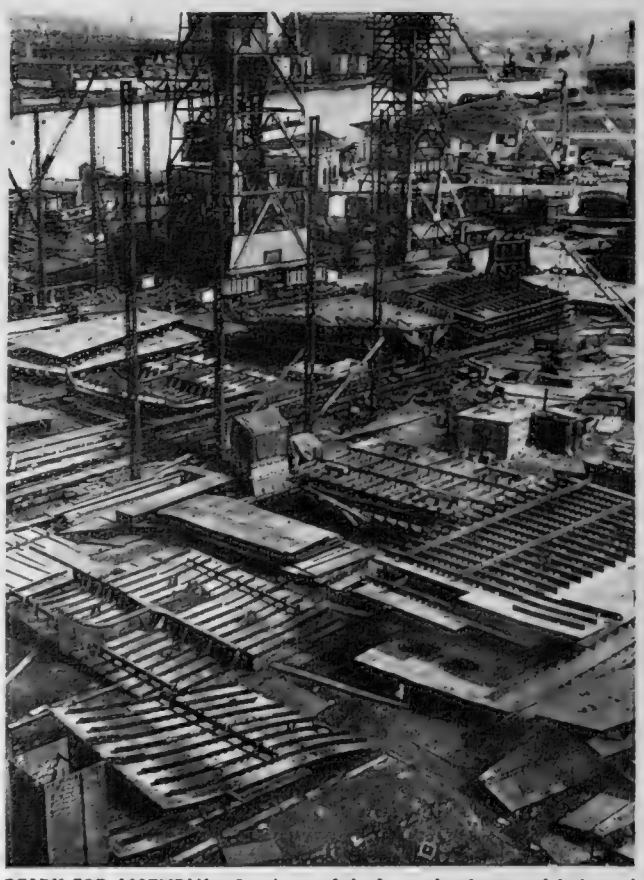
A great attraction which Scotland can offer potential industrial settlers is an abundance of electric power. Each month the North of Scotland Hydro-electric Board is producing more power from its thirty-four stations harnessed to the waters of the lochs and rivers. There is ample current for domestic and commercial uses.

An authoritative annual review of the industrial outlook for Scotland last week summed up the position as follows: To hold its position in international trade, Scotland, in common with the rest of Britain, must make the best possible use of new techniques. Further, restraints in production which have survived through the post-war period should be removed. If these conditions can be fulfilled, the general prospect for the future "would seem to warrant a cautious optimism."

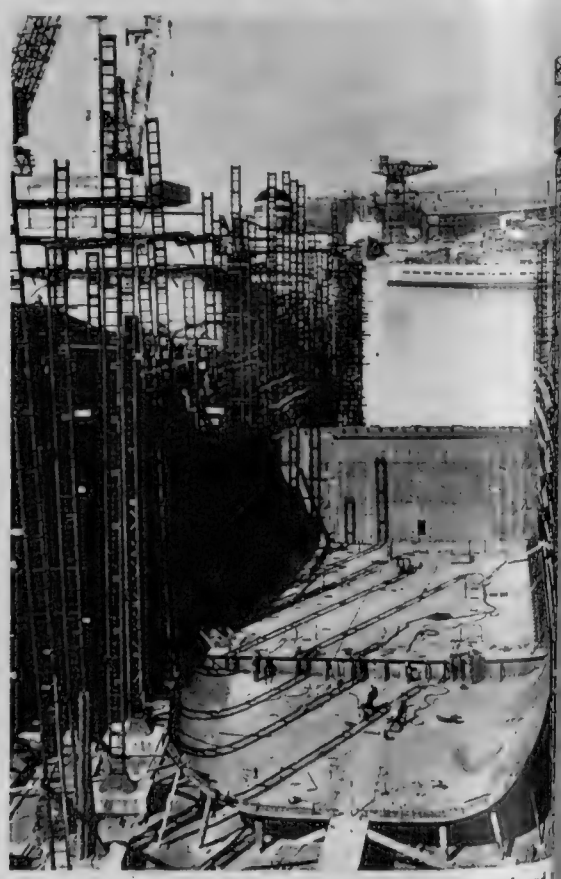
THE CLYDE AT GLASGOW: Ships are tied up at the docks against a background of green hills in the third largest city in B The shipbuilding yards on the banks of the river have long been renowned throughout the world, Glasgow-built sailing the seven seas under flags of many nations. Among workers in the yards there is some unemployment at pr

MODERN METHODS IN SHIPBUILDING: In the tall shed on the left, large units are built and brought out to be fitted into the ships rising on the stocks on the right. This method saves considerable time and labour.

TWO STAGES IN CONSTRUCTION: A prefabricated is swung out for a ship about to be laid On the right a vessel is nearly ready for laun



READY FOR ASSEMBLY: Sections of decks and other prefabricated parts of ships are strewn about the yard. Huge cranes will lift them into position as required in ships being built.



THE KEEL OF A TANKER: It will be lengthened and the sides of a tanker will quickly be added. Vess all states of building are to be seen along the

A ROYAL NAVAL VESSEL IN HER NATIVE SURROUNDINGS: Of the two ships in Queen's Dock, Glasgow, the one nearer the camera is the frigate H.M.S. *Relentless*. She was built in a Glasgow shipyard in the early years of the war and refitted in 1955. Behind is a panorama of the towers and buildings of the city. For some years the shipbuilding industry here has been enjoying a boom, but it is not certain whether it will continue. This, combined with labour troubles, makes the outlook for the shipyards on the Clyde problematic.

A ROYAL BURGH WITH MANY INDUSTRIES: A historic feature of Dumbarton on the Clyde below Glasgow is the Rock, which juts out into the river. The town engages in shipbuilding, engineering, boiler-making and many other industries. The economic future for Scotland may not be altogether satisfactory as far as shipbuilding is concerned, and mining, another important industry, has been affected by the closing of certain pits. On the other hand, the prospect is encouraging in such fields as steel.

THE ARTIST AT WORK: The Italian painter, Giorgio de Chirico, is seated in front of his easel in his studio in Rome. White horses prancing on a sea shore are a favourite subject of the artist. His dream-like classical landscapes made him one of the leaders of the Surrealist movement.

IN THE STUDIO: Chirico concentrates at his easel. Many of his paintings and drawings can be seen. The artist was born in Greece in 1888; much of his early career was spent in Paris. He has published several volumes of art criticism, as well as an autobiography.

On right—

AT HIS DESK: Chirico lives in an apartment which overlooks the Piazza di Spagna, in Rome. He has recently been the centre of a controversy in artistic circles in Italy, over an exhibition of the works of Modigliani. In a television programme Chirico attacked critics for overpraising this painter and other modern artists.

PICTURES OF A PAINTER

Giorgio de Chirico at Work in his Apartment in Rome

ON THE TERRACE OF HIS APARTMENT: Chirico leans on the balustrade to watch the busy traffic in the Piazza di Spagna. This square was once the centre of the English colony in Rome. It takes its name from the residence of the Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican. Dominating the district is the Trinità dei Monti, the church which stands at the top of the Spanish Steps.

Painters as a class have for centuries been notoriously iconoclastic in their views on art and on other painters. Perhaps rightly at times they disagree violently with critics as well. A recent large retrospective exhibition in Milan of the works of Modigliani occasioned much comment in the Italian Press, most of it laudatory. On a television programme in Italy subsequent to the end of the exhibition, Chirico, another painter who made his name between the two world wars, was asked his views on Modigliani.

After he had said that he thought the exhibition was overrated, he was interviewed, in his Rome apartment, about modern art and painting in general. He is reported to have said that much of the fame of modern French painters was due to the French art dealers who were extremely successful in selling paintings. Modigliani, although an Italian, made his name in France. Chirico went on to give examples of inflated prices for French paintings, citing the sale in London when a Cézanne was sold for a record price. It would appear, he said, that while painters of the stature of Michelangelo may be criticised with impunity, no doubts may be expressed about the work of Modigliani, Van Gogh, Matisse and Cézanne. Many authorities would agree with Chirico that the prices paid to-day for French impressionists are inflated, especially when compared with the amount of money the artists themselves obtained.

Much of Chirico's work was done in a period of revolt against the French Impressionists, at a time when artists in Paris and Italy were caught up in the Surrealist movement. It is interesting to note that the painters for whom Chirico expresses admiration are Picasso and André Dérain, both of whose careers coincided at many points with Chirico's. Picasso, among the innumerable styles he has used, at one time was an exponent of Surrealism.

Chirico is a much respected figure in Rome, where he lives in an apartment on the Piazza di Spagna, the centre of what was once the English colony in the capital. As he himself says, art criticism tends to move in cycles of 50 to 100 years. What one generation revered, the next reviles. The opinion of a painter's contemporaries is often later reversed. Artists who have been praised and whose works have commanded fashionably large prices have lapsed into obscurity as the centuries have passed. Chirico himself is indifferent to attacks on his work; his attitude is that his critics may be as violently attacked in the years to come.

FEN FLOOD DEFENCE

Stage One of a Gigantic Scheme of Protection Against Flooding

THE GREAT OUSE FLOOD PROTECTION WORK: The view, looking along one of the parapets of the tail sluice built to form part of the Great Ouse River Board's Fen Flood Protection Scheme, shows the upper part of the steel flap-gates. Stage one of the scheme comprises the construction of an 11-mile relief channel which will run from Denver to King's Lynn, and the erection of head and tail sluices.

On right:—

ONE OF THE OPENINGS IN CLOSE-UP: It is controlled by a power-operated vertical lift steel gate and a flap-gate, the latter operating automatically when the water rises in the relief channel.

UPSTREAM VIEW: All seven openings are visible. Their flap-gates operate automatically when the water rises in the relief channel. When the sluice is fully open, water will be able to pass through at the rate of about 6,500,000 gallons per minute.

Since they were first drained in the seventeenth century, the Great Ouse Fens have been subject to periodic flooding. Since before 1930 it has been clear that the safety precautions against such perils have been far from adequate. A number of proposals were drawn up and discussed, but were shelved. It was not until 1947, when there came the highest flood of which there is any record, that the full realisation of the urgency for a protection scheme for the Fens was properly appreciated.

To-day, the first stage of the Great Ouse River Board's three-stage Fen Flood Protection Scheme is well in hand. It comprises an 11-mile relief channel from Denver to King's Lynn as well as head and tail sluices. The new tail sluice is one of the biggest to be constructed in this country. Some 50,000 tons of concrete has gone into the erection of the massive structure, while only about 13,000 tons were used in the construction of the head sluice. The work is expected to be completed, ahead of schedule, this summer.

The second stage includes the deepening of the Ten Mile River and the Ely Ouse over a distance of 19 miles. The widening, where necessary, began about a year ago, and the whole operation is expected to take another three years before it is finished. The third and last stage is the construction of a 29-mile-long flood diversion channel from Barton Mills to the relief channel at Denver. It will receive the floodwaters of the Rivers Lark, Little Ouse and Wissey before they enter the south level. The entire project is expected to cost between £8,000,000 and £9,000,000.

LINING THE BANKS OF THE NEW RELIEF CHANNEL: The lining consists of reeds, which forms a basis for the laying of blast furnace slag. *Right*—The picture gives some impression of the overall size of the enormous tail sluice.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF SCOTLAND'S NATIONAL POET : The cottage in which Robert Burns was born on January 25, 1759, at Alloway, Ayr, was originally a "clay biggin" rebuilt by the poet's father. The Burns family lived in the thatched cottage until 1766, when they moved to a nearby farm.

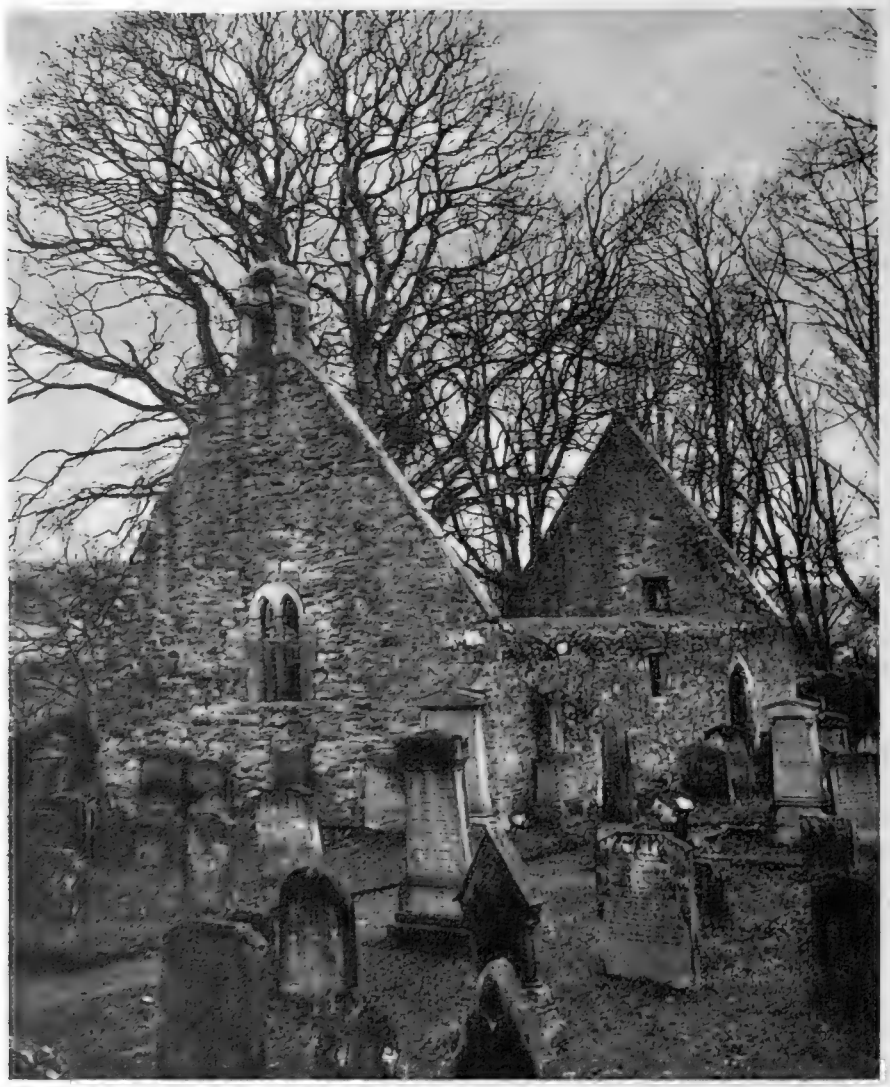
THE POET'S HOUSE : In Dumfries, called by Burns "Maggie by the banks o' Nith, A dame with pride eneuch," is the stone house to which Burns moved in 1793. In 1796 he died in the upper room, which to-day contains many personal relics, besides manuscripts and books presented to the collection by Sir James Barrie.

BURNS' BICENTENARY

"Scenes in Strong Remembrance Set" of the Life of Scotland's Poet

IN MAUCHLINE : Near this small town, Burns leased a farm at Mossgiel after the death of his father. The Poosie Nansies hostelry is named after Ann Gibson. At this time Burns wrote the "Jolly Beggars" and many poems published in the Kilmarnock edition.

ASSOCIATED WITH BURNS : *Left*—The Globe Inn in Dumfries was a favourite "howf" of the poet. *Right*—At Tarbolton, near Mauchline, in 1780, he founded the Bachelors' Club. Mary Campbell, who was his "Highland Mary," was in service near by.



THE ROOFLESS RUIN OF ALLOWAY KIRK : It was a ruin long before Burns knew it and is to-day reduced to four bare walls. It was the setting for the witches' revel in the poem "Tam o'Shanter." In the churchyard are buried the poet's father and mother.

THE LITTLE TAM O'SHANTER INN : The hostelry in Ayr, in the centre of the Burns country, is believed to be the starting-point of Tam o'Shanter's ride. It is now a museum. In the inn, according to the poem, the "mirth and fun grew fast and furious

HE SCENE OF [illegible] O'SHANTER'S RIDE : Across the River Doon, near Ayr, is the Auld Brig o' Doon (right), which Tam's nag, Meg, barely reached in time in the flight from the witches, who dared not cross running water. On the left is the Burns Monument, built in 1820, and resembling a Greek temple. Inside are preserved the Bibles exchanged by Burns and "Highland Mary" (Mary Campbell), Jean Armour's wedding ring and other relics. From the Doon, Tam had a ride of about 12 miles to his farm of Shanter.

To-night and to-morrow night, Scotsmen at home and in many parts of the world celebrate the bicentenary of the birth of Scotland's most famous poet, Robert Burns, who was born on January 25, 1759. Not since the centenary will there be such a volume of oratory in the many Burns clubs, societies and associations. The Burns Federation bicentennial dinner is being held to-night at Kilmarnock, where the first edition of Burns' poems was published in 1786. The Earl of Selkirk is to propose the "Immortal Memory."

Robert Burns was born in a clay, two-roomed cottage built by his father at Alloway, in Ayrshire. From the age of fourteen he worked as a ploughman on the farm, to which his parents had removed, at Mount Oliphant. His life combined, as he wrote, "the gloom of a hermit with the toil of a galley slave." On the death of his father in 1784, he, his brother, and two sisters leased a farm at Mossgiel, near Mauchline. At this time his first poems won the esteem of friends and this encouraged him to the burst of activity which produced the "Jolly Beggars" and most of the poems published in the Kilmarnock volume. Within a month all the 600 copies printed were sold.

After a series of entanglements of various kinds, Burns resolved to travel to Edinburgh, where the Earl of Glencairn induced William Creech, the leading Edinburgh publisher, to publish a second edition of the poems. Burns renewed relationships with Jean Armour, whom he had met at Mossgiel, and married her. A second farming venture was not a success and in 1791 he went to Dumfries to become an Excise man. In 1792 he was promoted Port Officer. A by no means covert expression of his political sympathies prevented any further promotion, and he died, discouraged, on July 21, 1796.

MEMORIALS TO ROBERT BURNS : *Left*—A statue of the poet stands in front of Greyfriars Church in Dumfries. *Right*—In the same town is Burns' tomb in St. Michael's graveyard. His remains were transferred to the mausoleum in 1815. It contains a sculptured group depicting the Muse of Poetry finding Burns at the plough. Jean Armour, the poet's wife, is buried here.

BURNS—"THE MOST A MAN"

Through the Robert Burns Country ; The Bicentenary of the Poet on January 25 ; Difficulties in Defining the Lowlands of Scotland

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

ONLY a few miles north of Carlisle you cross the border and are in Scotland. Mr. Norman Nicholson would (if I read him aright) describe the country just north of the Border as still forming part of the Debatable Land of which Carlisle is the capital, but I think that he is being over-generous with his boundaries. The land just to the north of the Border was Debatable Land once. It was known as such for centuries, a land of "theft, reiff and slaughter," impossible to defend; and the boundary between England and Scotland was not agreed until 1552. But it is no longer so. It is significant that we always speak of "Scottish Border country" and never of "English Border country." There is no doubt about the land north of the Border: it and its people are, beyond question, Scottish.

Not that there is any noticeable difference in the terrain. You cannot tell the moment that you cross the border. There is no marked difference even in the place-names. Liddesdale, Annandale: you might well be in Yorkshire. Nor is there, at first acquaintance, any marked difference between the folk immediately to the north of the Border and those immediately to the south of it. Last week I remarked that the people of Carlisle are busy and hard-working, serious and sober. This is exactly what the people just north of the Border are: quiet, hard-working, soberly dressed, serious of mien.

I have just returned from a fairly considerable tour of the Scottish Border country and the southern Lowlands, and I have to report that, as in Carlisle, you do not see many smiling faces. But I think that you do become aware of—and after only a comparatively short time—a difference in atmosphere. Centuries of strife have left their mark on Carlisle. You still get the impression (or, at least, I do) that the place is looking over its shoulder; wondering which side to back, whether it is more blessed to be English or Scottish. The people just north of the Border have no doubt at all. There is a quiet, confident certainty about them. You soon become aware that these men have a quiet, almost a gravely (if that is not a contradiction in terms) humorous outlook on life. They have every reason for it. For centuries their ancestors raided southwards. Now their children do the same.

The pattern has changed but little. The sons and daughters of these Lowland farms, the young men and women of the small towns and villages, look southwards to the promised land just as their hard-riding forebears did. The numbers of Lowland Scots who have made good in England must be enormous: the number who have risen to high position south of the Border is most impressive. One wonders if they would have been quite so successful had the border been agreed further north, for then a challenge would have been removed.

I have been talking about the "Lowlands." But, when I come to think about it, I find that I really do not know what is meant by the term: certainly, I could not say definitely what I mean. We talk commonly and glibly about the "Highlands" and "Lowlands" of Scotland. I suppose that we all have a pretty clear picture in our minds of what we mean by the Highlands: mountains and glens, and all rather remote and very beautiful, lots of kilts and bagpipes, and no industry anywhere. By contrast, I suppose, the Lowlands should be low and rather flat, not so remote and not so beautiful, plenty of industry and not so many kilts, factory sirens rather than bagpipes. Any such distinction will give the average Scotsman a fit: he will be likely to say something about the ignorance of the Sassenach. But if you were to ask the average Scotsman to define the Lowlands for you and to give you their boundaries, he would be likely to change the subject as quickly as possible.

THE BURNS MONUMENT : In Kay Park, Kilmarnock, is the memorial of the poet, built of red sandstone, with a tower 80 ft. high. There is a statue of Burns under the canopy and the building contains a museum, with books and manuscripts by Robert Burns, his draughtboard and other relics. The first edition of the poet's works was issued in Kilmarnock in 1786 from the press of John Wilson. Buildings in the town figure in Burns's verse.

No such distinction as this is possible. The Highland definition may be correct enough (though the face of the Highlands is being rapidly changed), but the Lowland one simply will not do. The Lowlands embrace mile upon mile, thousands upon thousands of acres, of high, wild, remote land, windswept and virtually deserted: but also thousands upon thousands of acres of rich farm land: and an industrial belt as hideous as anything in England. At least, I suppose that this industrial belt is, strictly speaking, Lowland in that it is most certainly not Highland. But I think it would be more accurate really (though in places one would have difficulty in doing this) to recognise three Scotlands: Highland, Lowland and Industrial. Even then one would be hard put to it to define the boundaries of Lowland Scotland. I do not think that there are really any easily recognisable boundaries in the physical sense.

The distinction is rather human: there is a Highland Scot and a Lowland Scot, poles apart in character and outlook. Even that is not wholly satisfactory. Perhaps there is not much doubt about the Highland Scot: perhaps it is true that he runs pretty true to form everywhere. But (speaking as a Welshman, and no more than an annual visitor at that, which I admit is no way to speak at all) it seems to me that though the Lowland Scot runs true to form in being quite distinct from the Highlander in character, in speech, in outlook and so on, Lowland Scots, from one part of the Lowlands to another, differ among themselves enormously. There is, for example, as big a difference—in speech and manner—between a man from Peterhead and a man from Wigtown, a man from Ayrshire and a man from Fife, as there is between a man from Somerset and one from Tyneside: a much greater difference than there is between a man from South Wales and one from North Wales.

These thoughts have come to mind because I have been in Kilmarnock, in Alloway, in Dumfries, and you cannot be in such places and not think about Robert Burns, a Lowland Scot. This is the right time to be thinking of Robert Burns, for this is his bicentenary. (He was born, the son of a cottar, on January 25, 1759, at Alloway, in Ayrshire: he died at Dumfries on July 21, 1796.) Scotsmen all over the world will be drinking to the "immortal memory" of Robert Burns. To-night (January 24) there is a bicentenary dinner of the Burns Federation in Kilmarnock, which is right and proper, for it was in Kilmarnock that Burns's poems were first published at 3s. (a copy of the Kilmarnock edition would now fetch more than £2,000). No doubt Scotsmen will be drinking on January 25, too. There is nothing new in this: Scotsmen do this on "Burns Night" every year. But they will do it a bit more thoroughly this year, I expect, as this time it is a special occasion.

It is this that I find so fascinating about Robert Burns: or, rather, about Scotsmen. Robert Burns is—I use the present tense deliberately because great poets are immortal—a poet of genius. As such he belongs to the world, and not simply to Scotland. He is a lyric poet of the first rank: consider "John Anderson, My Jo," "Mary Morison," "The Banks of Doon," "Comin' Thro' the Rye." He is a satirist of the highest rank. He is a song-writer (as opposed to a poet) of the first rank: consider "Auld Lang Syne," "A Red, Red Rose." We may not all be very sure of the author, but we all know the songs. He is also a maker of proverbs: consider the inimitable lines from his poem "To a Mouse":

> The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
> Gang aft agley.

Had he written nothing else, his memory would live for that: and deservedly so. Certainly Scotsmen have every reason to be proud of Robert Burns.

But it is what they have done to Robert Burns that fascinates me. So far as I am aware, no other poet anywhere in the world at any time has been made into the centre-piece of a Federation: there are Burns Clubs all over Britain—all over the world, I understand—and Burns Night is as important to a Scotsman as St. Andrew's Night. Or so it would seem. At any rate, that is what the Scots have done: they have turned Robert Burns into a sort of national saint or, at least, a national symbol. He has become a myth and around him there has been built up a legend.

It is a very strange thing this, in a country whose history is filled with figures, magnificent and heroic figures, any one of whom might well have become a legendary national figure—and never has. For, remember, Robert Burns was not essentially a national figure and his poetry is not essentially national poetry. He was a Lowland Scot, and his poetry essentially is Lowland—if you read him you will find that he is quite uninterested in things Highland. His verse is essentially local and intensely personal. I do not think that you can really separate Burns's life and his poetry; for in his poetry—at least, in the best of it—it is his own character, his own hopes and desires and failings, that he expresses. It has become known all over the world for this very reason : that he could express the local and commonplace in such a way that it has universal force. That is genius.

This, you may think, is quite sufficient to justify his being turned into a national symbol, a cult. So it would be, if his poetry had anything to do with it. But, in fact, it seems to have very little to do with it. That, at any rate, is the impression I have gained from attending (as a guest) one or two Burns Night dinners in Somerset and other distant places. It is not the poetry (you will not find any greater knowledge of the poetry at these functions than you will among many an Englishman, and certainly you will not find any great facility in the "guid Scots tongue" in which the best poems were written): it is not the poetry so much as the man.

The Robert Burns of Burns Night is a myth; a highly sentimentalised myth. The ordinary man who made good. But that is exactly what Burns was not. He was not an ordinary man: he was a genius. All the rest—the farmer, the free-lover, the deep drinker—is nothing: there are hundreds of them in Scotland and elsewhere, ordinary folk every one of them. But they do not write great poetry. It would be idle to pretend that Burns Night is a literary night. It is a social night. Robert Burns has become a good excuse for a party. He would have been shocked to find himself the figure-head of a Federation. But on the other hand he would thoroughly approve of the parties.

JAPANESE BONSAI

The Art and Cultivation of the Unique Miniature Potted Trees

A JAPANESE HORTICULTURAL ART: *Left*—Dwarf maple and pine combine in a Bonsai or miniature potted tree. *Above*—This is a pine by itself.

TWO EXAMPLES OF BONSAI: *Above*—The miniature tree rises from a decayed trunk. *On right*—The roots of a flowering Bonsai are embedded in a pot. The pot is an essential complement to a tree.

MULTIPLE TRUNKS: The spruce grown from the same root divides near its base. The Bonsai are cultivated in a wide variety of shapes, most specimens having small leaves and dense twigs. The "training" of a tree may take thirty years.

OF ANCIENT GROWTH: The gnarled and silvery trunk gives an impression of great age which may well be justified. Some Bonsai are believed to be between 500 and 700 years old and others have characteristics revealing an age of about 250 years.

The cultivation of Bonsai is a popular art among the Japanese, and the miniature trees in their carefully-chosen pots decorate many homes in Tokyo and elsewhere. Time and patience are essential requirements in this horticultural practice. A Bonsai may be home-grown or it may be found originally among the rocks of a hilly area. At all events, it will probably take twenty or thirty years to "train" before it reaches the desired state of perfection, and then it will need constant pruning, watering and tending. Generally speaking, any kind of tree is capable of being trained, the only qualification being that it should have small leaves and dense twigs. Broad-leaved trees do not give the proper artistic properties.

Trees often change hands because they are considered good investments. Therefore, it is not always easy to state the precise age of any given specimen. There is reason to suppose that some may be as much as 700 years old, and it is a definite fact that certain types of Bonsai do not show particular characteristics until they have reached the age of 250. The only sure way to assess age would be to cut the trunk of a tree and count the rings. This, of course, would mean its destruction.

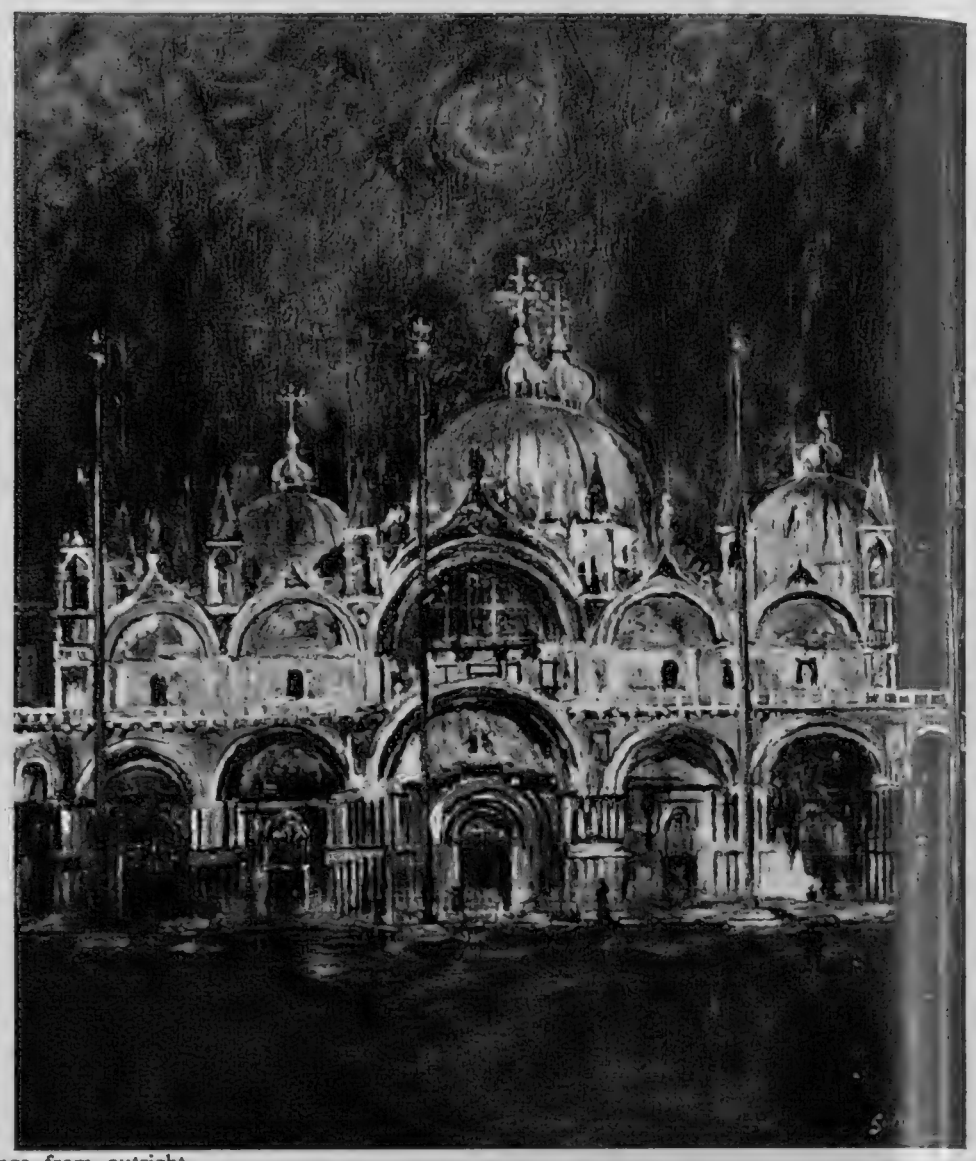
The complement of the Bonsai is the pot in which it stands. This is selected with the greatest care with a view to bringing out the beauty and elegance of the tree. The pot must suit its subject. A new one fresh from the kiln does not harmonise with a Bonsai having the appearance of age. Conversely, an antique pot is out of place for a sapling. Form, size and shape may be deep, shallow, round, oblong, square or diamond-shaped, according to the particular requirement. Pots of vivid colours are not appropriate for Bonsai cultivation. The purpose is to suggest a landscape so the colour of the pot should be symbolic of earth or rocks. Sobriety is the keynote.

Some Bonsai are exported from Japan. But in Britain the Customs regulations forbid the import of certain types on the grounds that they may be carriers of horticultural diseases.

A DISPLAY ON A PEDESTAL: A miniature fir grove stands in a pot which is held up by a wooden support. Displays of this kind are popular.

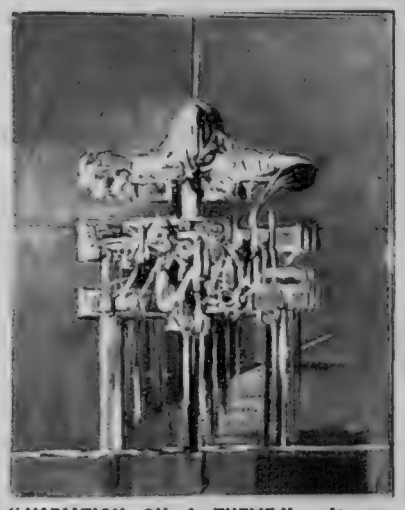
GRAHAM SUTHERLAND—ANOTHER CONTROVERSY

Divided Opinions on the Current Exhibition of the Artist's Paintings in London



SKETCH AND COMPLETED WORK: *Above*—The preliminary sketch for "San Marco, Night, Venice," by Graham Sutherland, is in oil on cardboard. *On right*—The finished painting of the cathedral. Both pictures are in the current exhibition of the artist's work at the Arthur Jeffress gallery in London, which opened last week and closes on February 6.

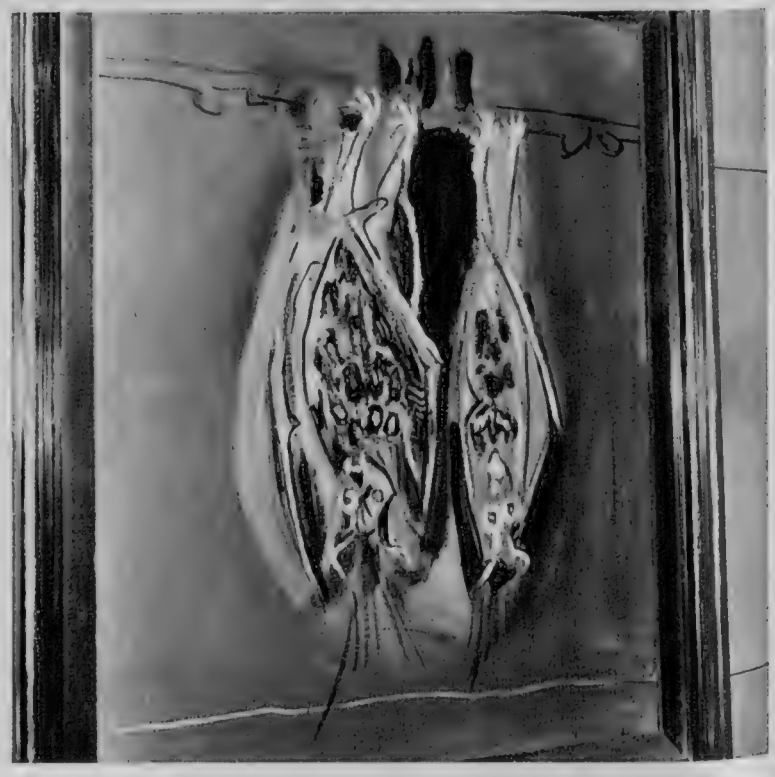
Graham Sutherland has the great virtue of always being stimulating. No one can remain indifferent to his work and almost anything he paints can be guaranteed to cause disputes among the critics. His exhibition at the Arthur Jeffress gallery, which continues until February 6, is no exception. The two major paintings in the eighteen water-colours and oils are both of Venetian churches—"San Marco, Night, Venice," and "Santa Maria della Salute." Comparisons have been made with the Venetian work of Walter Sickert painted forty years ago, and by no means all the critics are favourable to Mr. Sutherland. Opinions range from outright condemnation to unqualified praise. Of the other exhibits, some have been seen before elsewhere. "Variation on a Theme," hung at the Tate Gallery in 1953, is an impressive large canvas of strange and varied symbols. Taken together, the paintings give an idea of the development of the artist from 1939 up to the present day.



"VARIATION ON A THEME": It was painted by Mr. Sutherland in 1953 and was shown in the same year in an exhibition at the Tate Gallery.

A GOUACHE: "Monkey With Swinging Form" is the title of this painting which is dated 1954 and which measures 11½ inches by 8½ inches.

TWO ASPECTS OF GRAHAM SUTHERLAND'S ART: *Above*—"Santa Maria della Salute" (1957), like the other Venetian painting, "San Marco, Night" (1958), has caused considerable controversy among the art critics, who have recalled Sickert's paintings of Venice. *On right*—"Bats" is another of the eighteen pictures in the Graham Sutherland exhibition.



INDUSTRY SWITCHES TO OIL: THE NEW PATTERN

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

WHEN you use fuel oil to melt steel in an open-hearth furnace, you get considerably more value out of the oil than its formal "heat equivalent" in terms of gas or coal. Oil injection enables the heat to be applied more quickly; it burns with a more radiant flame; and the momentum with which it can be shot into the furnace produces a better "heat penetration" of the steel scrap that is charged into the furnace with pig iron. Moreover, in steel as elsewhere, the use of oil permits very precise control throughout the melting operation. The British steel industry first experimented with fuel oil in one furnace in South Wales in 1947. To-day it uses well over a million-and-a-half tons of oil a year, which accounts for about three-quarters of all the fuel it uses in steel melting. For this job, each ton of oil is worth about 2¼ times its weight in coal.

When you use fuel oil under the boiler of a power station to make electricity, you get no special advantages whatever. A power station furnace is to-day one of the most efficient pieces of equipment for burning anything. It can use coal of qualities that in the present state of the fuel market practically no other consumer will look at; it doesn't mind how small the coal is, because it may well prefer its solid fuel pulverised anyway. It burns fuel oil efficiently, too; if the station is equipped to burn only oil, the cost of storage tanks and piping will probably be no more than coal-handling facilities, though oil introduces certain complications about air pollution because it often contains more sulphur than coal. But if you want to use coal as well as oil, a dual-firing station such as most of those recently switching to oil in Britain costs rather more than normal to equip with dual-handling facilities. In electricity generation, oil offers no more than its formal equivalent in "calorific value"—i.e., one ton is worth about 1½ tons of coal.

Now it is significant that the biggest element in the latest chapter of British industry's switch to oil, which has been going on at a varying pace since the war, is this switch of part of the country's power generating capacity. Last year the amount of gas, diesel, and fuel oils used in Britain went up by nearly 50 per cent., from just under 10,000,000 tons to about 14,500,000. The amount used for burning, where oil is directly competitive with coal, rose from about 6,500,000 tons to close on 10,000,000. There were plenty of customers who were buying more fuel oil than before to contribute to this increase. But by far the most important was the Central Electricity Generating Board. In 1957 about 665,000 tons of oil were used in public electricity generation. Last year the total probably exceeded 2,750,000 tons, and by the end of the year the power stations were burning oil at the rate of 3,500,000 tons a year.

It has to be recognised that this is a new phase in the widening of oil consumption in Britain. Traditionally the oil industry here has concentrated on promoting the "selective" use of oil in industry, selling it primarily where it had special technical advantages which made it worth more than its formal "coal equivalent." There are many other applications, as well as steel melting, where its characteristics of high flame radiation and precise control in use allow extra efficiency; the refining of non-ferrous metals, heat treatment of forgings and castings, glass manufacture and ceramics.

It was in 1954, under the fear of growing fuel shortage, that the Ministry (then of Fuel and) of Power took the initiative in broadening this approach. At the time—illusory as this may now seem—most forecasts of energy supply and demand predicted that coal production would fall increasingly short of total demand in Britain, and some people in the fuel industries and the Ministry feared that even the power stations would run short of coal, or be forced to pay steeply rising prices for it. At the same time, the Esso refinery at Fawley, producing very large quantities of fuel oil, was only a short distance away from a new power station being built at Marchwood, near Southampton. The then Minister, Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, used his influence to arrange a contract between Esso and the Central Electricity Authority for the supply of fuel oil to this station at a price equal to that of power station coal. Other contracts followed, extending Esso supplies to other stations and bringing in Shell-Mex and BP, which already supplied oil to Bankside power station in the centre of London.

As one leader of the oil industry put it, "The expansion now called for is greater than the potential scope for development in our long established outlets for fuel oil. Oil usage must be extended in other fields altogether." The gas industry as well as electricity made plans to extend its use of oil. Private businessmen were given official encouragement with more than ministers' speeches. The Government loans that were already available for companies who wished to install fuel-saving equipment were given freely to help switching to oil. Moreover, income tax allowances upon the installation of new equipment, which fluctuated a good deal in the budgets of recent years, remained exceptionally and uniformly favourable to the industrialist putting in new oil-burning equipment.

The Suez crisis did not wholly transform this official policy of "Over to oil"; nor has the emergence since then of a considerable surplus of small coals. Loans have been granted rather more discriminatingly, and the long-term contracts for supply of oil to power stations have been revised so that the annual supply figures envisaged during the period 1960-65 will be lower than was at first planned. Miners whose pits are being closed, and perhaps the National Coal Board, might well wish to put the whole policy into reverse. But across the whole field of coal-oil competition, the consumer is now exerting his long-delayed free choice; and the frustrations of coal supplies during the post-war years have left many consumers anxious to be done with the whole dirty business of solid fuels.

Against coal—or even coke and anthracite, which are fuels giving more and cleaner heat—electricity, gas, or oil have always offered cleaner and more convenient fuels, at a higher price. But coal prices, and with them gas prices, have risen steadily over the years; electricity prices to industry have gone up also, though more slowly. And in the situation of world oil surplus that followed upon the exceptional efforts to increase supplies when the Suez Canal was closed, fuel oil prices have been extremely competitive. This is true of the advertised prices for oil; but when one further takes into account the very substantial discounts offered for large quantities of oil, and the exceptional terms that companies have been prepared to quote to get new business, there is no doubt that for many industrial customers switching over to a guaranteed and reliable supply of fuel oil has been a good financial bargain.

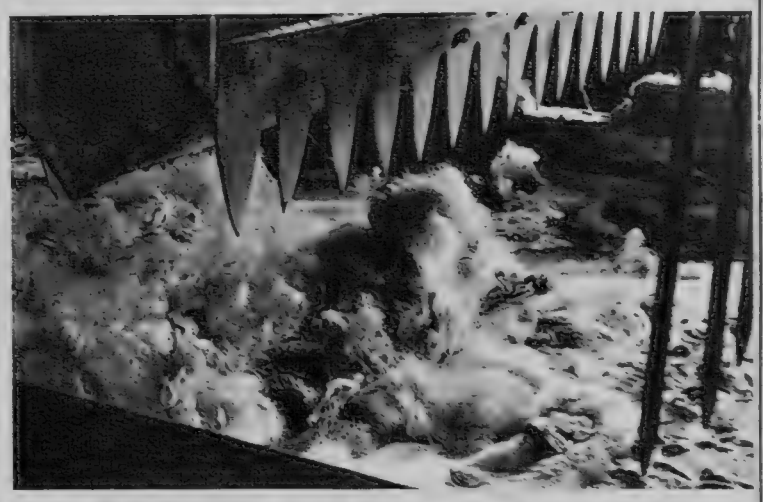
Nor has this been confined to the industrial consumer. For the central-heating of shops and offices, oil has become a formidable competitor to coke; and in new houses, the domestic consumer is beginning to consider this trouble-free fuel service. He may not be able to take the big quantities that qualify for heavy discounts: but hire-purchase arrangements for one's annual supplies, to promote the installation of larger storage tanks, are now being offered by the oil companies.

Official policy, therefore, has had something to do with the recent momentum of the switch to oil in this country; and it is doubtful, for example, whether the growth of oil use in power stations this year can continue at quite the rate that it did in 1958. Politically, saving coal is not quite as popular a cause as it was. Some people in the oil industry remember, a little apprehensively, the fluctuations of policy between 1947 and 1950, when industry was first exhorted to switch to oil and then encouraged to go back to coal, leaving unused a considerable battery of emergency oil equipment.

But there seems little danger of any such panic reversals of policy to-day. Oil supplies are based upon a far larger and better-established refining industry in Britain than they were then. Although it is often argued that the steeply-rising demand for black oils here will eventually upset "refinery balance," so far Britain's refineries are producing much more of these oils than Britain uses, leaving a margin for exports and marine bunker supplies. Moreover, a good deal of the continuing switch to oil in the British market is simply the result of better competitive selling by a well-organised commercial fuel industry, as against the rather sluggish attitude of the nationalised coal industry towards serving the consumer. And the consumer's reaction to a fuel sold to her in a twentieth-century fashion takes account of more than the arithmetic of price per ton: oil is one of the conveniences of the higher standard of living that more and more British citizens are becoming able to enjoy.

PETROLEUM CHEMICALS: THE GROWTH OF A NEW INDUSTRY

MAINTENANCE WORK: At Shell Petroleum Co. Ltd.'s Stanton Refinery in Cheshire, a workman climbs one of the large, gas fractionating towers. Regular maintenance is essential to ensure the continued and efficient operation of a chemical plant.



TREATING RAW WOOL: It is being immersed in detergent solution to remove natural oils and greases during the scouring process. The cleaning properties of detergents, manufactured from oil chemicals, have many domestic and industrial uses.

A quarter of a century ago the petroleum chemical industry was in its infancy. To-day, petroleum is the source of a vast range of valuable chemicals produced at the rate of over a million tons a year. These chemicals are the basic materials for such products as detergents, solvents, synthetic resins and plastics, and synthetic rubbers and textile fibres. Industrial and agricultural chemicals are among the other petroleum-derived chemicals in use. In many cases, these petroleum-derived chemicals are used alongside identical chemicals obtained from other raw materials such as coal, molasses or grain. Generally, they can be divided into two types—organic and inorganic. Organic chemicals are basically composed of carbon and hydrogen, but with certain other elements. Inorganic chemicals derived from petroleum include ammonia, sulphur and hydrogen peroxide. In Western Europe, the growth of the petroleum chemical industry has taken place almost entirely since the Second World War, and most of it since 1950. The first plant to make chemicals from a petroleum feedstock came into operation at Shell's Stanlow Refinery in 1942. It produced synthetic detergents. The industry has widespread roots in the U.S. and is making progress in Western Germany, France, the Netherlands and Italy.

PASTA IN PRODUCTION

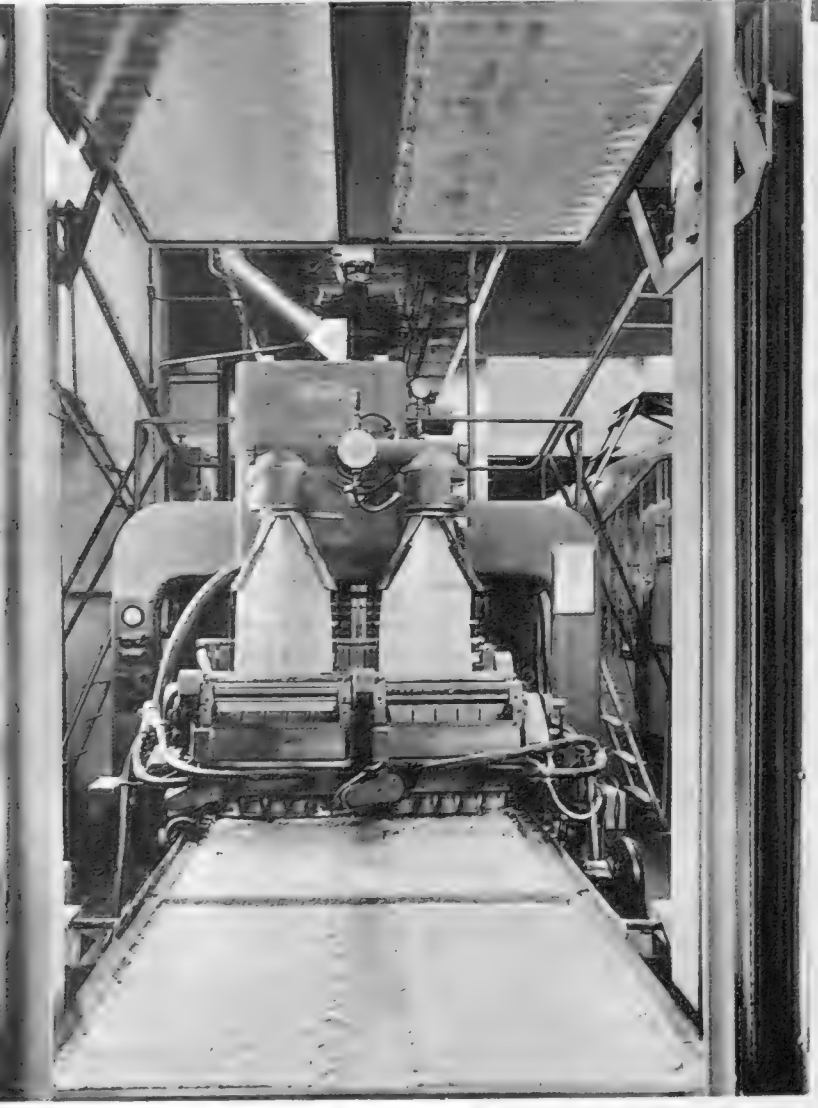
The modern Buitoni factory at Sansepolcro, near Arezzo, in Italy, is one of six establishments owned by the same family. Three of the other factories are also in Italy, one is in France and the other is in the United States of America. They cover a total area of 45 acres and employ 6,000 workers. As well as manufacturing many varieties of pasta, certain factories also make biscuits, chocolates and sweets, the daily total output from all six reaching 400 tons. At Sansepolcro, most of the output is devoted to the making of numerous shapes and varieties of macaroni and spaghetti. The factory was rebuilt after the last war and is equipped with the most up-to-date machinery, sections of which are seen in operation in the pictures on this page. The various types of Buitoni macaroni are cut from hard wheat semolina, and in the engine-room this basic substance is mixed with other ingredients such as flour, water, and eggs. It is then kneaded into a dough before being shaped and despatched to the relevant machines. All types of pasta are continually checked in the chemical laboratory by a method which is one of the firm's cherished industrial secrets. Flavour, suppleness and the degree of swelling are important, and care is taken to ensure that the products, which can be used in many different ways, remain unimpaired in all climates.

The Buitoni story dates from 1827. In that year an enterprising woman, Giulia Boninsegni Buitoni, with the help of her husband Giovanni, bought the lease of a small shop in Sansepolcro, which was fully-equipped with all the machinery necessary for the manufacture of pasta. To pay for the lease Signora Buitoni sold a valuable necklace and the contract for the shop was signed an hour later. Since then, the firm has been managed by the descendants of Signor and Signora Buitoni, each generation contributing to its progress and expansion. New factories were built and enlarged and products were exported abroad, particularly to America, where they later opened their own factory in New York. This has now been transferred to a much larger one at South Hackensack, New Jersey. The French factory is at Saint Maur des Fossés. In 1932 they started operating a factory at Perugia, in Italy, to manufacture their own containers. Six years ago the International Buitoni Organisation (I.B.O.) was created, for the co-ordination of the firm's activities.

A MODERN FACTORY IN ITALY: A section of the vast Buitoni factory at Sansepolcro, near Arezzo, which is one of several engaged in the manufacture of an extensive range of macaroni products. The factory was rebuilt in 1945 after being completely devastated during the Second World War. Buitoni products are now distributed in this country by G. Costa and Company. Altogether there are about thirty-six different types of pasta on sale in Britain.

Below—

PART OF A DRYING TUNNEL: There is a drying tunnel behind each press. The drying circle varies in time from 12 to 18 hours according to the shape being manufactured, with the average temperature varying from 48 to 40 deg. C., and the relative humidity from 92 per cent. to 82 per cent.

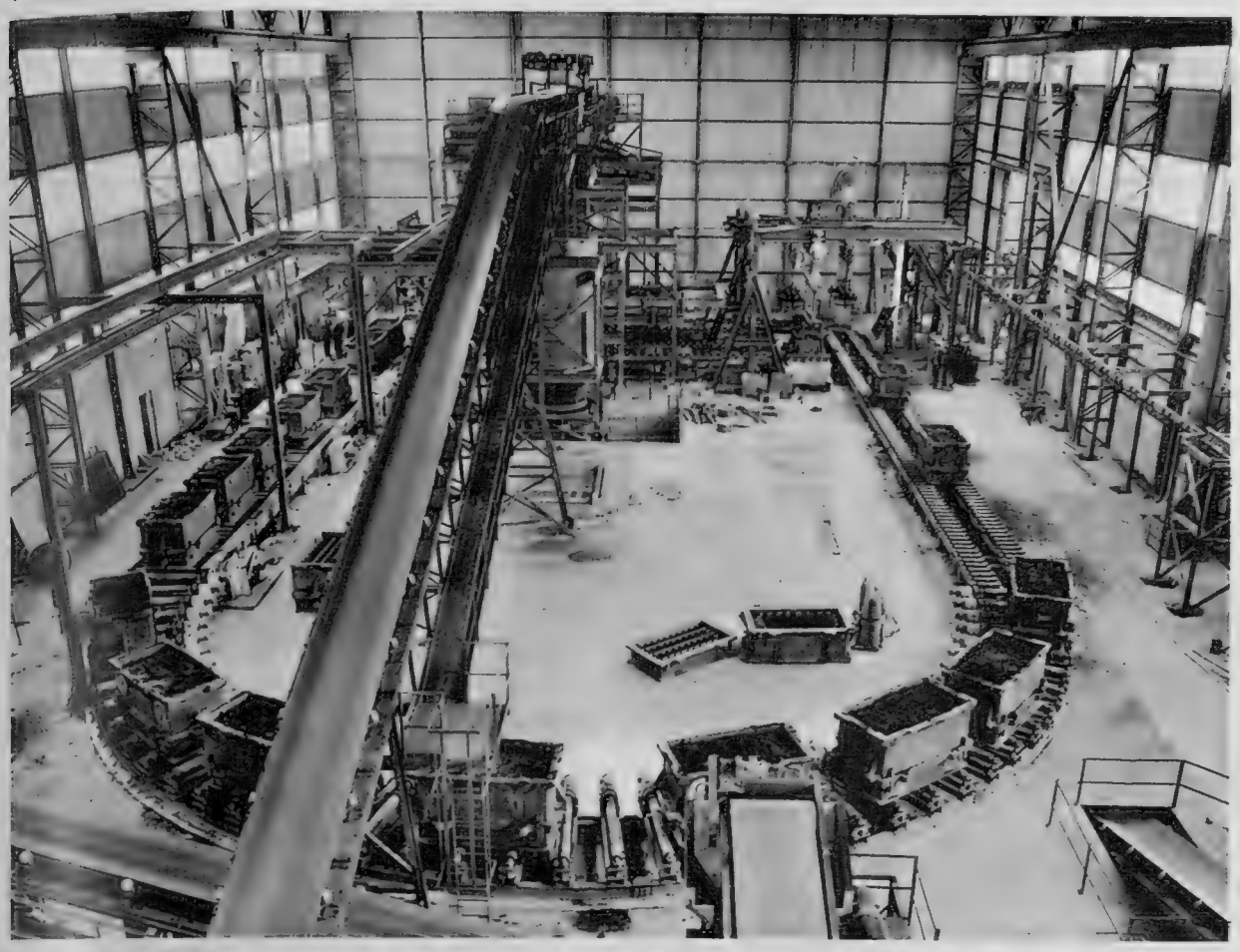


AN AUTOMATIC PRESS AND SPREADING MACHINE IN OPERATION: Skeined noodles are under production. They are ranged on panels and automatically conveyed to the drying tunnel by a system of elevators.

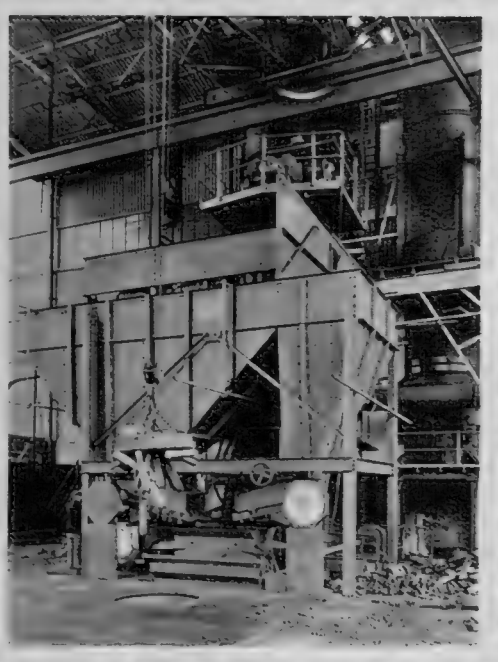
MAKING SPAGHETTI: In the engine room the ingredients of pasta (semolina, flour, water, eggs, etc.) are kneaded into a dough and shaped by continuous presses into the various types of macaroni product. On this particular machine strands of spaghetti are stretched before being cut to the right length.

Below—

PACKING SMALL SHAPES: From the drying room the finished product is conveyed to these machines for cutting and packing. Other machines are used to pack longer shapes.

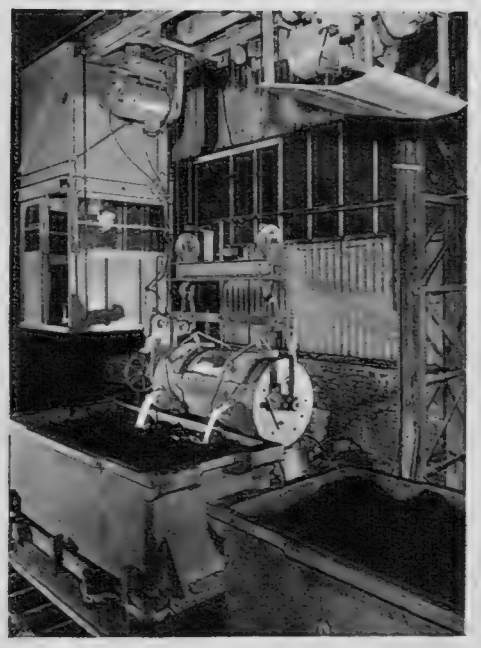


THE MOULDING TRACK: At the new plant at Batman's Hill, in Staffordshire, of Bilston Foundries Ltd., the straight section of the track brings the moulding boxes to the casting position where the metal is poured into moulds. The curved section of the track has rollers, each driven by geared motors. Here the castings are solidified. The moulding boxes then enter the last section, leading to the casting removal station. The completely new plant can produce one bath every minute.



On right—

THE STOCKYARD: Ferrous raw material is loaded into the weigher by a magnet hung from an overhead crane. This is arranged to drop off loads at a controlled rate.



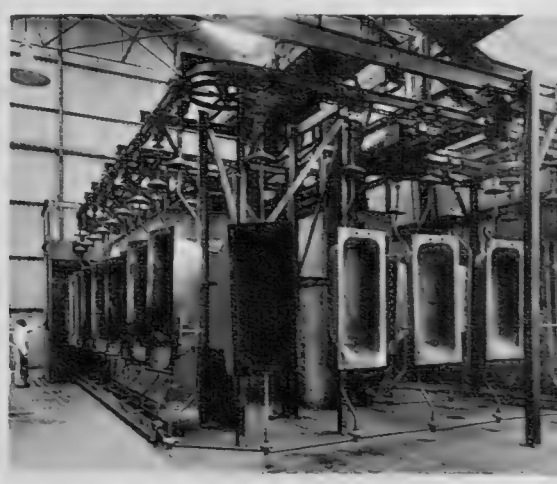
THE CASTING POSITION: From the cab of a travelling crane the operator swivels the ladle to pour the molten metal into the moulds on the track. Each ladle carries metal for three castings.

A BATH EVERY MINUTE

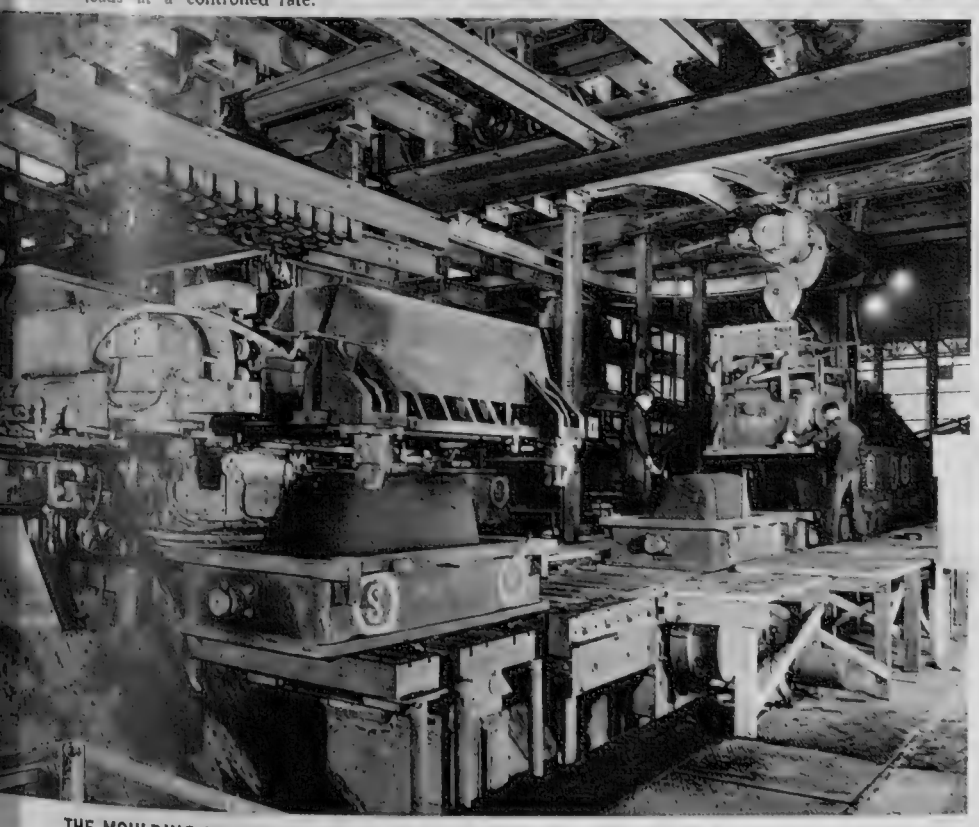
Since the resumption of cast-iron bath production at the end of the war, Bilston foundries have supplied increasing numbers of baths until by three or four years ago the capacity of the existing foundries was fully committed. After a survey carried out in North America and elsewhere by the directors it was decided to introduce a new method of bath mould production, in which the sand used in the moulding process is "jolted" automatically to compress it. New buildings were erected at a new site at Batman's Hill, in Staffordshire, and all the ancillary plant and equipment were provided to make the foundry a self-contained unit. It is thought likely to be the only factory built from scratch for the sole purpose of producing baths by as fully automated a process as possible. The capacity is one bath every working minute. Not only the moulding but every other operation has been mechanised as far as is possible.

The main units are melting furnaces, sand processing plant and the twin Herman moulding machines. Where possible raw materials from the stockyard are taken by a suspended magnet to the skips. From the furnaces, the metal is passed to a receiver whence it is collected in a double-spouted ladle for pouring into the moulds. The delivery of the metal and the movement of the moulds are under the control of one man operating the equipment from a cab travelling alongside the ladle. In the sand plant are seven mills, each capable of milling 40 tons of sand per hour, and eight 30-ton storage hoppers. Two men only are required for the sand plant. At the open end of a U-shaped conveyer track are the two double-station moulding machines.

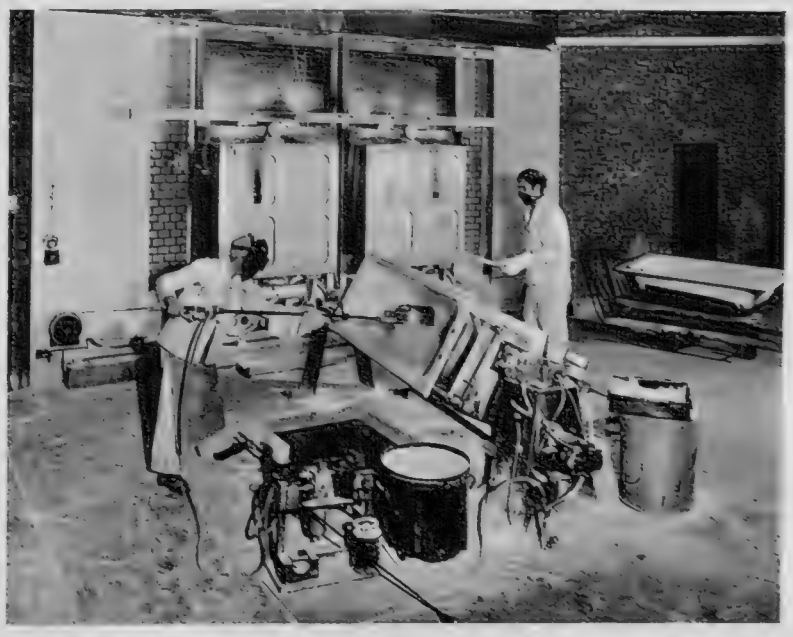
To produce each half of the mould a predetermined quantity of sand is released on to the pattern. The mould is consolidated by the application of weights and a carefully-calculated number of "jolts." After the two halves of the mould have been brought together, the mould proceeds along the track while the casting solidifies. The mould is split into two halves once more and the casting extracted to be transferred to a cooling track. Altogether, twenty-four pairs of moulding boxes are in use at one time. The casting is then cleaned and trimmed and is passed on to the enamelling shop. Mechanisation in this part ensures a consistency of quality superior to that which has been previously obtainable.



FINISHING THE BATHS: The castings are cleaned in the Shotblasting Cabinet and the rough edges are then ground off in the Dressing Shop.



THE MOULDING PLANT: This is the hub of the production process. A predetermined weight of sand is poured from a hopper into the steel moulding boxes set in position over the mould. The sand is packed tight with ramming weights and by automatic "jolting."



THE ENAMELLING SHOP: In the process exact matching colours can be provided. Work is carried on twenty-four hours a day. In the building, 80 ft. wide and 180 ft. long, there are four furnaces, heating up to 950 degs. C.

A GOVERNMENT GRANT FOR CASTLE HOWARD: The view is of the north front of the private country mansion in the North Riding of Yorkshire, the family seat of Mr. George Howard. Extensive repairs to the stonework and the burned-out dome are included in the generous grant of £80,000 which has just been offered by the Government to the owner for restoration work.

Hidden in the countryside in the North Riding of Yorkshire, yet only nineteen miles from the city of York, is the striking old mansion, Castle Howard. It stands in the middle of a park, which includes a lake of 65 acres. The Palladian style country house is the family seat of Mr. George Howard, who, it has just been announced, has accepted a grant from the Government for extensive repair work to the property. The grant, which involves a sum of about £80,000, is the largest yet offered by the Government to repair a private country house under the Historic Buildings Act, 1953.

It was made in view of the fact that Castle Howard meets the stipulation that it must be open to the public and because Mr. Howard was able to present a comprehensive repair scheme for the house and surrounding buildings of architectural importance.

It is expected that the repair work will be confined mainly to the exterior stonework, part of the roofing of the west wing and the Pellegrini dome, destroyed by a fire in 1940. In addition to the main house, the family mausoleum and various gateways are to receive attention in the reconditioning project. Castle Howard, in the Palladian style, was built by Sir John Vanbrugh, who also built Blenheim Palace. Since its erection, the Castle has been the home of the Earls of Carlisle or members of the family.

A PALLADIAN "HISTORIC BUILDING"

Castle Howard in Yorkshire Receives a Very Substantial Government Grant

On left—
INSIDE THE CHAPEL: The view is taken halfway along the centre aisle, looking towards the altar. Part of the beautifully-decorated ceiling is seen to advantage. The grant of £80,000 for the work of restoration is the largest yet offered by the Government to repair a private country house under the Historic Buildings Act of 1953.

On right—
ALL RICHNESS AND ELEGANCE: Decorative flamboyance is in evidence in one of the bedrooms, giving an opulent effect. The curtains of the canopied bed extend to the ceiling. Sir John Vanbrugh, who built Castle Howard, also built Blenheim, but his first work is considered by many as being the more successful design, although Blenheim's stonework construction is the same.

O VIEWS OF THE SPLENDID INTERIOR OF ONE OF ENGLAND'S MOST OUTSTANDING COUNTRY HOMES: *Left*—Shafts of light pierce the windows, showing to advantage some of the many beautiful pieces of furniture in the picture gallery, which contains a rich collection. *Right*—Ornate tapestries hang from the walls on each side of the main staircase, on which stand numerous busts. Castle Howard was erected for the third Earl of Carlisle in 1701-14 by Sir John Vanbrugh, whose first work it was, and is in the Palladian style.

ARLTON MEWS CONTROVERSY

OTHER PART OF "RURAL LONDON" THREATENED WITH DEMOLITION: The view shows the fronts of some of the houses in Carlton Mews with, in the background, part of the building belonging to the United Services Club, in Pall Mall. Carlton Mews is currently the subject of considerable discussion between London County Council and club officials in view of the Club's proposal to build an extension costing about £78,000. The site of the projected new building is in the Mews. *On right*—Another view of Carlton Mews. The houses are of special architectural interest as they have ramps and a balcony to give access to the first-floor stabling above the former coach-house on the ground floor. Many objections have been raised to the threatened loss of these fine old buildings. The proposed club extension is for a three-storey building for women associate members.

The World of Books

A Commanding Presence

A Biography of Rosalind Howard, Countess of Carlisle; A Life of a Famous French Actor; New Novels by Sir Compton Mackenzie and John P. Marquand Among Those Recently Published

WHY it should be so remarkably fascinating to read about a thoroughly disagreeable woman I don't know, but the fact remains that Lady Henley's study of ROSALIND HOWARD, COUNTESS OF CARLISLE (Hogarth Press. 15s.), is a book of the first interest. Not that the author, the late Lady Carlisle's daughter, presents her mother in anything but the most favourable light, remembering instances of kindness, hours of jollity and impressive hours, too, of political dissertation. There is not the slightest doubt that Lady Henley loved her mother and demonstrably she was loyal to her when, for one excellent reason or another, her six brothers and three sisters found the strain of living in the same castle as this turbulent spirit quite intolerable.

" An eye like Mars, to threaten and command," quotes the writer, and seldom has an apter line been applied to a subject. Bertrand Russell, a nephew of the redoubtable personage, has written in his prefatory chapter that Rosalind Howard was the daughter of an even more formidable lady to whose London salon the leading intellectual lights of the age used to come but that, " when one of them departed, she would turn to the others as soon as the door was shut and say, ' Fools are so fatiguin'.' " " This," adds Lord Russell, " made everybody loath to be the first to go."

Lady Carlisle succeeded in estranging her husband, her children, or most of them, almost all her friends and the greater part of that society in which she would normally have made her own circle. She was a ferociously able organiser of temperance movements, was also " the very active and guiding President of the Women's Liberal Federation," ran her husband's great estates at Naworth and Castle Howard (not very efficiently, it was afterwards discovered, but with typical intransigence), and was a domestic tyrant second to none. Lady Henley's memoirs of her mother have the rare qualities of candour without malice, and honesty with fond discretion.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF FREDERICK LEMAITRE—ACTOR, LOVER AND IDOL OF PARIS (Hamish Hamilton. 25s.) is a title which might lamentably be called all-embracing and which, anyway, could be called self-explanatory. Dr. Robert Baldick has succeeded in writing an admirable biography and in bringing to literary life an actor whose name is virtually unknown in this country but who ranked with Kean and, possibly, outplayed him in the nineteenth century. Lemaître was starving as were many of his compatriots in the 1870 siege of Paris, but he was also in his seventies and almost penniless after the most brilliant of stage careers. At his funeral six years later Victor Hugo made the funeral oration and that great actor, Mounet-Sully, recited a poem and afterwards tore up the manuscript and scattered its pieces on the grave. Lemaître was a great figure when at the height of his powers and this sympathetic and lively story of his resounding successes and inconsiderable failures makes rewarding reading. I found this, the first biography of the actor to appear in English, immensely entertaining and a wonderful picture of the theatre in particular and Paris in general during the Romantic movement.

THE PLAGUE HOUSE PAPERS (Hutchinson. 21s.) is a fairly misleading title for a discursive and, for the most part, rather charming book of memoirs by the Austrian writer, Mr. Robert Neumann, who currently lives in an old Kentish house near a small and lovely Kentish town. The uncompromising name of the place is old history: the house's new history seems to be happier and more eupeptic. Mr. Neumann writes cheerfully and with the inconsequence of spirited conversation about English ghosts and Austrian ancestors; Dutch ships, Spanish treasure and Viennese furniture; about Einstein and about the German Crown Prince telling funny Jewish stories. It is a wonderful medley and a likeable one.

Mr. Allen Andrews' fighting story of Gibraltar, PROUD FORTRESS (Evans. 18s.), fills a gap in our shelves of English history. Although the Rock has been celebrated in many stories, novels, and even films, I do not remember a book which told its history so concisely and effectively or which made so clear England's position with regard to it. Gibraltar, only two miles square in area, has been British since 1704 and in those two-and-a-half centuries not only has it been attacked and besieged but on paper there has been comparably violent opposition to our situation, politically and internationally, in holding on to that southernmost tip of Spain. Mr. Andrews has done us all a good service in making such careful research on his subject and in producing a book worthy of this long chapter in British naval and military history.

Thirty-eight novels and more than forty books of poems, biography, essays and children's stories to the good, Sir Compton Mackenzie gives us his latest work, a gaily satirical novel, THE LUNATIC REPUBLIC (Chatto and Windus. 15s.) about life on the moon as lived by the survivors of nuclear warfare. A Chinese rocket lands there in 1997 and its observer-passengers take note of this so-called civilisation whose people have been spending the time of generation after generation in simplifying—and to a great extent nullifying—their human attributes and the mechanics of their existence. Witty, highly inventive and full of this distinguished writer's unquenchable vitality.

Mrs. Doris Langley Moore has been engaged for some years in research on the life and letters of that inexhaustibly interesting figure, Byron, and her new novel might be called an offshoot of this minute and meticulous work which one day, we may hope, will result in an important book about the poet. The present book could certainly not have been written without specialised knowledge, and the author has had, I would guess, an amusing time in planning and writing it. " My finest, ferocious Caravaggio style " was Byron's own description of his later manner, and MY CARAVAGGIO STYLE (Cassell. 15s.) is Mrs. Moore's title for her story about a young man who works in an unfashionable London bookshop and decides on a spectacular Byron forgery in order to achieve fame, fortune and the hand of a beautiful girl. Unhappily, he introduces this young woman to the work of the poet and it is her increasing interest in the poet and the man which finally wrecks his plans. Ingenious and immensely readable with Mrs. Moore's own brand of mannerly fun.

A WELL-KNOWN FIGURE IN CAMBRIDGE: Mr. E. M. Forster (right), who is an honorary fellow of King's College, talks to Mr. Noel Annan, the Provost of King's. Mr. Forster celebrated his eightieth birthday recently. He published his last and most famous novel, *A Passage to India*, thirty-four years ago, but since then has become known as a charming essayist and a percipient and wise critic and biographer.

RAPE OF THE FAIR COUNTRY (Gollancz. is Mr. Alexander Cordell's heroically-planned about Wales between 1830 and 1840, the rise o Chartist movement there and the gradual decline bitter poverty of a family of iron workers. The oppressions practised, the rise of the unions with promise, however faraway in the future, of safeguar workers' interests, and the virtual slavery of the con enforced by the iron masters are brilliantly depicted

Mr. John P. Marquand's new novel, WOMEN THOMAS HARROW (Collins. 15s.), could just voted Most Readable Book of the Week. It illust Mr. Marquand's incomparable talent for dealing with marriage-career-family problems of civilised (and prosperous) men and women living in New York New England in the present day. To anyone who say that he had never read a book of Mr. Marqua and was deeply disinterested in just such problems in such a setting, I would answer: " Just try it and Once caught in the web of his story-telling, the re can scarcely help getting interested in these charming vulnerable characters or in the plot so effortlessly unfol

EVERY MAN IS AN ISLAND (Hutchinson. has Vancouver as its background, and that is well en sketched in, but, in fact, Mr. Ronald Hambleton's of a family and the volcanic effect on them of one orthodox idler with a gift for words and a distaste what he calls *rigor vitae*, is a theme which might been treated in any city in the world. Mr. Hambl has a poet's appreciation of words and an able wa presenting a highly articulate character. A provoc book and far from banal.

Mr. Richard Bankowsky writes of another fami A GLASS ROSE (Secker and Warburg. 18s.): P *emigrés* living in an industrial district of New Jersey, as the story opens, waiting by the death-bed of the fa for a daughter to return from New York for the fun As they wait each member of the family traces his life from Poland to the present American day, Mr. Bankowsky has shown a distinctly mature power such a young writer in presenting their separate sto and their separate regrets and emotions.

The next two novels both have Oriental ove which, I am told, is a trend making its way grad westward *via* the United States. LOVER'S PO (W. H. Allen. 13s. 6d.) is by Mr. C. Y. Lee, whose novel was lately transformed for the New York st by Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein. Here he is wr about California, that exceptional state in which for nationalities proliferate, and about a Chinese lang instructor who falls in love with a pretty Japanese wai in a restaurant. Sentimental in a rather cosy way a informative as it is unpretentious.

TAMIKO (Cassell. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Ronald K bride's tale of a man, half-Russian and half-Chi whose ambition for ten years has been to reach his particular Eldorado, the United States, but who is ha on his way to it by meeting a lovely Japanese girl. the first time, after all the desperate years spent in Ja waiting and planning for the possibility of an Amer visa, he sees, in the author's terms, the essence of Ja strong enough to make his passionate longing for Li North America waver and fade a little.

Vernon Fan

Into Battle With Pops

Gay and Unorthodox Warriors of World W

It is a happy reflection that those who depart from military rigidity, and do so with success, inevitably endear themselves to military historians to a greater degree than those who follow the clear-cut paths laid down by King's and Queen's Regulations. Stonewall Jackson's moves in the Shenandoah Valley, his great flanking effort before the Second Mannassas, J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry excursions behind the enemy lines, and Nathan Bedford Forrest's guerilla tactics all provided cases in point in the American Civil War. They endowed that bloody struggle with its own undoubted character. Throughout military history colourful free-lance warriors have been plentiful. The Second World War was no exception, with perhaps Wingate and Popski vieing with Vinegar Joe Stilwell for the prize. In WARRIORS ON WHEELS (Hutchinson. 18s.) Park Yunnie tells the story of Popski and his eccentric band as he saw it.

Captain Yunnie was second in command of Popski's special service unit. He was the first recruit, he knew the men, and he trained them; he fought in their company, shared their triumphs, failures and fears. How Popski and his men rode over the hills from Cingoli to capture the town of Fabriano after cutting their way through a railway tunnel which the Germans thought they had blocked to all traffic is a typical story of the enterprise of Popski and his men, and their judicious wielding of a hard-won oxy-acetylene cutter. It is all full of verve and adventure and high spirits. At least somebody, it seems, enjoyed World War II.

Andrew G. Haley is President of the International Astronautical Federation, and appropriately enough he has written an almost up-to-the-minute account of ROCKETRY AND SPACE EXPLORATION (Van Nostrand. 51s.), which deals in an authoritative manner with most aspects of space-age research. It was not until the Second World War that the Germ shocked the world into rocket consciousness. A only rumours flew around London of what had happ at Wembley, at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, and places. The Press was ominously silent to begin until suddenly everyone knew that London was direct fire from the Dutch and Belgian shore. T most rocket launchings are highly-publicised After the Atlas, the Titan, the Thor and the Nike, the Sputniks, the Vanguard, the Explorer, and Planet III (which, of course, has careered into orbit since Mr. Haley's book went to press). The shows just how these rockets operate, describi process in non-technical terms, revealing what has achieved in America, the U.S.S.R. and Britain result of the war's legacy of technological talent.

Sheldon Cheney has attempted a massive pi research in his new book, THE STORY OF MOD ART (Methuen. 45s.). He has succeeded in sh the many influences that have converged to shape modern trends, often digging for the deeper roots beyond the Classicists. If you have ever stood be before a Picasso, or been dazzled by a Van Gogh field on the outskirts of Arles, Mr. Cheney has he individual explanations based on intensive re Art-lovers will find this a rewarding book, even cannot agree with all that Mr. Cheney asks the

CIO-CIO-SAN: The leading soprano role in Puccini's tragic opera is taken at Covent Garden by Sena Jurinac, whose performance was much acclaimed.

"MADAMA BUTTERFLY" IN LONDON

Puccini's tragic tale of a Japanese girl and her love for an American naval officer was revived at the Royal Opera House in London with Sena Jurinac as Madama Butterfly. Her performance and the production of the opera were enthusiastically received. The story, set in the charming harbour town of Nagasaki, needs a performance in which detail and quality of singing are scrupulously observed. Otherwise the opera lapses into melodrama rather than rising to the heights of tragedy. Puccini himself thought it was his best work, but its first performance in Milan in 1904 was a resounding failure. The singers battled through a barrage of catcalls and booing. The revised version, however, was immediately a great success and it has become one of the most popular in the repertoire of Italian operas.

AT COVENT GARDEN: In a scene from Puccini's opera, *Madama Butterfly*, performed at the Royal Opera House in London are, from left to right, Sena Jurinac as the heroine; David Allen as Prince Yamadori; David Sharp as Goro, a marriage broker; and Jess Walters as Sharpless, the U.S. Consul at Nagasaki. In the revival of the opera, Sena Jurinac made her début at Covent Garden. She has appeared in this country at Glyndebourne and is well known for her singing of Mozart and Strauss roles. Puccini's opera was sung in Italian for the benefit.

On right—

LEADING TENOR: With Sena Jurinac is Charles Craig, as Lieutenant Pinkerton of the American Navy. Only seven years ago he was a member of the Covent Garden chorus. This was his first leading role at the theatre from which he has so successfully graduated.

A SCENE FROM PUCCINI'S OPERA: In Madama Butterfly's house are the heroine, her child's cradle, and the United States Consul, Sharpless. This role is sung by Jess Walters.

IN THE FIRST ACT OF PUCCINI'S OPERA: Lieutenant Pinkerton listens to Madama Butterfly. The décor for the opera was designed by Sophie Fedorovitch. Making his first appearance at Covent Garden as a conductor was Bryan Balkwill, known for his work at Glyndebourne. Other parts were sung by Josephine Veasey and Joseph Rouleau.

believe. A host of illustrations in half-tone helps to emphasise the major points in this considerable work.

Another weighty volume in the same field, but not possessing exactly the same wide appeal, is Barnett Hollander's THE INTERNATIONAL LAW OF ART (Bowes and Bowes. 63s.). This is a work for lawyers, collectors and artists. To put it a little unkindly, it is probably strictly for emergency reading. The law affecting artistic property is frequently called into account, not least in time of war and during the aftermath of war, when so much property has found itself in alien hands, if only temporarily. Mr. Hollander's vast experience in this tortuous field is now made widely available.

OUT OF NOAH'S ARK (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 36s.) is an account of man's discovery of the animal kingdom by Herbert Wendt. Our knowledge of animals is the result of the courage and learning of many men, and Mr. Wendt has brought together in this volume a mass of facts, particularly entertaining where he touches on the legendary beasts brought down to us in song and story.

Beth Dean and Victor Carell have penetrated the wilds of New Guinea with a colour camera. The result of their researches is a short but most colourful book, SOFTLY, WILD DRUMS (Angus and Robertson. 25s.). This is an entrancing picture of the still little known hinterland, and the authors are to be congratulated on their work in this island of mystery, of a thousand greens, of wild frantic beauty, and cloud-riven mountains where the first Europeans only penetrated a few generations back.

R. C. E.

DISTINCTIVE STYLING

The Italian Influence Evident in a New Model from B.M.C.; Safety Rules in France; Concerning the Highway Code and News About Cars and Personalities in the Racing World

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE Austin A.55 is the third British Motor Corporation model to get the new Farina-styled body, with prominent tail fins, first used on the new Wolseley 15/60. This A.55 Cambridge Mark 2, to give the 1½-litre, four-seater saloon its official title, is a good-looking car. It really is amazing how the stylists, by using a different radiator grille and introducing other much less important modifications, can make a car look quite distinctive in comparison with a model using the same body shell. As I hinted recently, when discussing the new 1½-litre Wolseley, there may soon be further interesting examples of this change-ringing in the B.M.C. organisation. The front end of the new Cambridge, with its pleasing horizontal radiator grille, is reminiscent of the *chic* little Austin A.40, also styled by Pinin Farina.

The new Cambridge shares with the recently-announced Wolseley more passenger room, a bigger luggage boot (19 cub. ft., with a separate, wind-down shelf for the spare wheel) and a better performance. This is produced by refinements to the "B"-series 4-cylinder engine still used for the Cambridge. With the same compression ratio of 8·3 to 1, the unit gives 53 b.h.p. at 4,350 r.p.m., compared with 51 at 4,250 in the older models. The price of the basic model has gone up by a total of £40 10s. to £848 17s., including tax. This is not surprising, for the new Cambridge offers much better value for money. The de luxe version costs only £30 more, the new total figure, including tax, being £878 17s.

THE NEW AUSTIN A.55 CAMBRIDGE MK. II: The car is a combination of Italian styling by Pinin Farina and B.M.C. engineering. Features of the design include wrap-round front and rear windows, a low bonnet line (all giving exceptionally good visibilty) and restrained fins. The engine is the same as that fitted in the Mk. I, but with refinements. The price of the basic model is £848 17s. including tax.

IMPROVEMENTS TO THE NEW AUSTIN: *Left*—The instrument panel is situated conveniently in front of the driver A shelf runs across the entire width and the floor-mounted gear-change makes its re-appearance. *On right*—The luggage compartment has a greatly increased capacity while the spare wheel is carried separately under the boot.

This latest Austin is the third new B.M.C. model to switch back to the use of a gear-lever on the floor to the left of the driver. Owners may have a steering-column lever if they wish, and it will cost them no more. But unless it is specifically ordered they will get a central lever. To my mind this is very sensible and in full accord with the desires of most motorists. The new Cambridge will make a special appeal to parents of young children if only because it has handles on all four doors that really are "child-proof." To make use of this safety device you flick a little secret lever. You can only operate it when the door is open. After closing the door again the inside handles become inoperative. The doors can then be opened only from the outside. The doors, incidentally, open wide and close quietly, thanks to the new locks perfected by Wilmot-Breeden.

Britain's car designers are undoubtedly getting more imaginative. For instance: on the latest Austin, as on the new Wolseley, the little warning light at the tip of the switch for the trafficators is automatically reduced in brilliance as soon as it is dark enough to call for the sidelights to be switched on.

France has introduced legislation to make cars safer for those who may have the misfortune to be run into by them or be thrown against them in an accident. Many car manufacturers in Europe, and especially in Britain, have of their own accord gradually eliminated many perilous edges, points and protruberances but I think the French Government has done well to make certain that less responsible builders of cars fall into line.

The French legislation is being introduced in three stages. From July 1 this year, dangerous radiator mascots will be forbidden and external sun-visors will have to be of a certain design and made of a material other than metal. I am afraid that the beautiful "Spirit of Ecstasy" which graces the bonnets of Rolls-Royce cars will not escape the ban. The elegant "flying lady" has already had to come off Rolls-Royce models sold in Germany, Belgium and Switzerland. The old Humber Super Snipe used to have a bird with a long metal beak as a radiator mascot. It was a wickedly pointed affair and you may remember the Rootes Group replaced it with an innocuous rubber snout. This is still used in a modified form on the new Super Snipe. I don't see how it can get round the French ban, rubber or no rubber.

The second set of prohibitions will come into force on July 1, 1960. It covers such items as roof racks and ski racks. Door handles, headlamp cowlings and sunshine roofs are among the items of equipment covered by the third stage, which is due to become law in July 1961.

How often do you run through the Highway Code, to brush up your road manners? Never? Well, neither do I, so help me, unless I have to refer to the Code in a professional kind of way, which isn't quite the same thing. Ideally, we should all study the Code from time to time. It is remarkable how much one forgets. The Code hasn't the force of law, I know, but of this I am quite certain: that if we all observed the Code meticulously, there would be far fewer accidents. Let us all resolve, here and now, that when the new Highway Code comes out later this year, we will all give it a good going over. Better still, make a note in your diary to study it again in six months' time.

I have brought up this subject because the A.A. has just drawn attention to its importance in a gay little booklet. It commissioned Russell Brockbank, of *Punch*, to draw some more cartoons last year to illustrate road safety appeals. These amusing drawings have been brought together in the new booklet, which is called *Cartoon Courtesy Code*. You can get one for nothing from any A.A. office.

There is news of an interesting new British racing car which brings together two famous names. Mr. Rob Walker, owner of the Cooper-Climax cars which won the Argentine and Monaco Grands Prix last year (Stirling Moss at Buenos Aires and Maurice Trintignant at Monte Carlo), is building a Cooper-B.R.M. He is doing so mainly to give Moss a chance to win some world championship points at this year's Monaco Grand Prix on May 10.

He can no longer be the first Briton to win the World Championship. Mike Hawthorn has deprived him of that distinction, so Moss is keen on becoming the first Briton to win the world crown in a *British* car.

Mr. Alfred Owen, head of the great Rubery-Owen engineering empire, who bought the B.R.M. enterprise to run as a hobby, has lent Rob Walker two 2½-litre B.R.M. engines for his Cooper-B.R.M. project. The idea originally was that Moss should drive this car in both the Monaco and U.S. Grands Prix. The latter event, first of its kind, was to have been held at Sebring on March 22, but it now seems certain that it will be postponed until later in the season so that they can get more racing cars from Europe.

Rob Walker is using a modified Cooper chassis and the B.R.M. engine will be mounted at the rear in characteristic Cooper fashion. It may turn out to be a 190-m.p.h. car and one which could do well on a twisty circuit like that at Monaco. The new racer should be ready for track tests by Moss in mid-March. It may be raced by Moss for the first time at Goodwood on Easter Monday, March 30.

Incidentally, hearty congratulations to this twenty-eight-year-old driver on getting an O.B.E. in the New Year Honours. It will help to console him for being pipped by Hawthorn by a single point in the world championship after being runner-up to Fangio for three years.

To Tony Vandervell, deservedly, has gone the R.A.C.'s Dewar Trophy "for the most outstanding engineering and technical achievement during 1958." He gets this honoured trophy for the contribution his Vanwall made to British prestige in the realm of motor sport. The car won six major races last season. The Dunlop Rubber Co. received the trophy last year for their work on disc brakes and special tyres in 1957.

It is all the more sad that Mr. Vandervell has been forced to give up motor racing, at any rate for the time being, on the instructions of his medical advisors. In a statement to the Press, he said: "It is particularly regrettable to me to have to make this decision after building up a fine team, but I feel I cannot carry on by radar or remote control. I am sure, however, that all who have been associated with Vanwall have gained worthwhile experience and have not wasted their time. The personnel can be absorbed in my company with advantage."

HOUSES IN MANHATTAN: Towering over Coenties Street, in the tip of the island, are the skyscrapers of the financial district. The first big-scale rebuilding project in the area for many years is planned by the Downtown-Lower Manhattan Association.

THE FISH DISTRICT: Rebuilding is in progress on South Street, in Manhattan. The scheme is designed to provide new housing for residents, buildings for underwriters and new banks. The new headquarters of the Chase Manhattan Bank will be in this area.

ON BROADWAY: Scaffolding surrounds No. 120 on this famous New York street as it is pulled down to make way for a new office building for Western Electric. The block is due to open in 1961.

REDEVELOPMENT IN NEW YORK

A Huge Scheme is Proposed to Demolish Old Buildings in Lower Manhattan and to Expand the Financial District

A vast redevelopment scheme for Lower Manhattan has been proposed by the Downtown-Lower Manhattan Association. The chairman of the Association's executive committee is David Rockefeller, a brother of John D. Rockefeller and a vice-president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, which is closely connected with the scheme. New headquarters of the bank are planned for construction in Lower Manhattan. The project seeks to raze most of the old brick buildings, still standing amid the skyscrapers, so as to permit expansion of the financial district. Many of the narrow streets are to be closed and other streets are to be widened to create a traffic loop. Some of the piers on East River are to be replaced with a heliport. There have been plans for redevelopment in Lower Manhattan for seven or eight years in order to encourage more residents to live in the area, dominated by office blocks, and to bring in more firms. Although much slum clearance work has been carried out in the areas in the east, this scheme is the first big rebuilding project for the western tip of Lower Manhattan for many years.

On left—

THE RUBBLE OF OLD BUILDINGS: Foreground are bricks pulled down from a block bounded by Water Street (east), Fulton Street (south) and Pearl Street (west). Behind are skyscrapers of the financial district.

Every man has a ***'double'***

when it's ***Vat 69!***

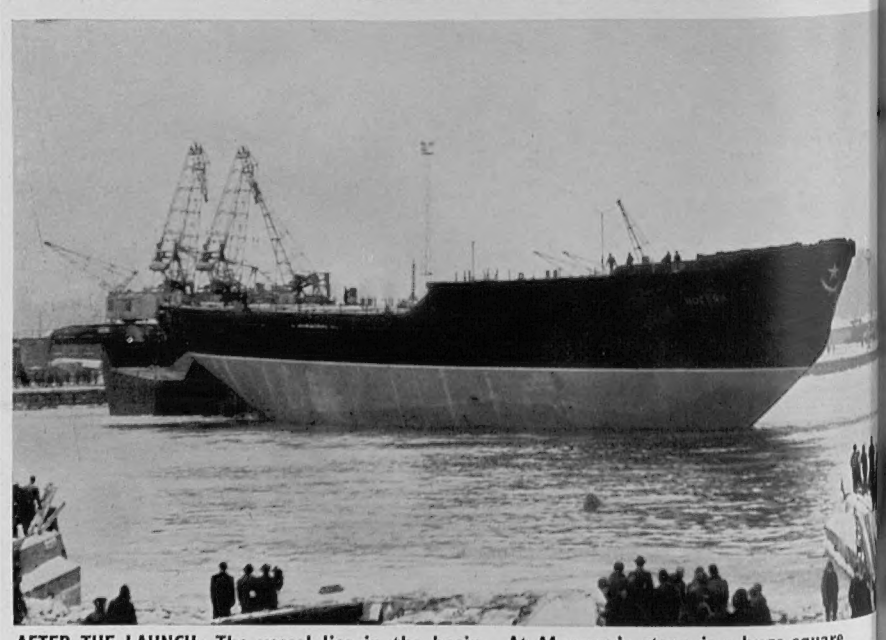
NEW SOVIET ICE-BREAKER

The Launching of the Largest Vessel of its Type in the World

OFF THE STOCKS: The *Moscow* slides into the water in the shipyard in Helsinki where she is being built. The vessel is described as the largest diesel-electric ice-breaker in the world, being over 400 ft. in length and having engines capable of developing 22,000 h.p. *Moscow* is probably one of two new ice-breakers which the latest handbooks on international shipping list as being built for the Red Navy in Finnish yards. It is stated that they are designed to stay at sea for a year without returning to base. Although the largest of their class, the ships are not the world's largest ice-breakers. This title is claimed by another Soviet vessel, *Lenin*, which was launched last year. She is atomic-powered and Soviet sources say that she is the first nuclear-powered surface ship. A still larger atomic ice-breaker than *Lenin* is reported to have been designed and is understood to be at present in the experimental stage.

On right—

RED STAR AT THE BOW: The lines of the *Moscow* are graceful in comparison with some of the older ice-breakers still reported on the strength of the Soviet Navy. A number of them, including one launched in 1898, were built in British yards.



AFTER THE LAUNCH: The vessel lies in the basin. At *Moscow's* stern is a huge square "brake," which was fitted to slow down her movement into the water. The launching was performed by Mr. Levchenko, the Soviet Trade Attaché to Finland.

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British Achievements

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Television

The first public high-definition Television service in the world opened in Britain in 1936, based on British inventions and development.

Railways

Britain, birthplace of the locomotive and home of the world's first railway, also leads in the latest field of railway traction. The 3,300-h.p. "Deltic" diesel locomotive is the most advanced and powerful in the world.

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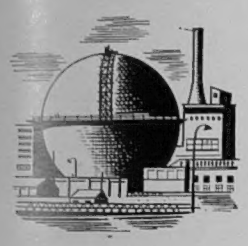
London's underground railway system pioneered mass transport beneath the streets of great cities in 1863. Electric power was introduced in 1890, replacing steam.

Nursing

The initiative and humanity of a British woman, Florence Nightingale, led to the founding of the first organised nursing services in the world.



Nuclear Energy

The first artificially-induced nuclear reaction took place at Cambridge, England, in 1932. British development of nuclear energy for industry has borne fruit in the world's first atomic power stations.

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